THE Budget of MOMUS, or a preservative against Melancholy.



Boudnay del. Mackenzie sc.

LONDON.

Pub. by T. Simpson, 337, Oxford Street, near Argyle Str.

BRITISH
MUSEUM

MOMUS.

A REGIMENT of horse being quartered at Canterbury, archbishop Tillotson, who was then in that city, invited all the officers to dinner. One of the cornets, whose turn it was to be upon guard, and for that reason could not have the honour to attend upon the archbishop, thought of a stratagem to get himself off. A brother-officer, when the invitation came, happened to be on a party of pleasure, and heard nothing of it; therefore the cornet took care to be the first to inform him of it, adding, that all were to be catechised who went,

and that those who were perfect would dine with the archbishop; and for those who were not so, the punishment was, to dine with the servants. "Then," said the captain, "I'll march out of town directly."—"No," replied the other, "if you'll mount guard for me, I'll go in your room, for I am perfect enough." That he would do, he swore; accordingly the youth went to dinner along with his brethren. His grace, who was one of the politest churchmen of his time, and knowing very well the custom of the army, enquired of the colonel, what gentlemen were upon duty, intending to send them a separate invitation the next day. The colonel said, that captain Forbes, a Scots gentleman, was the only absent officer, who that day mounted guard by his own choice; and

and then took occasion to relate the story; with which the archbishop was highly diverted. His grace made no use of the hint, however, but sent, as he had designed, a servant to the absent gentleman, desiring his company by himself. The captain hurried to his friend, to know how he came off, and whether he had best to go or not; telling him that now the archbishop had sent a particular message to him, and he could not with good manners excuse himself. The cornet by all means advised him to go; "For," said he, "we were only asked a question or two, and all was over." The captain, thus confirmed in his resolution, went accordingly; and being introduced to his grace, paid his civilities with some confusion, expecting every moment to be examined, and longing to

have his task over. "Sir," said the archbishop, "I am sorry I could not have the pleasure of your company yesterday." The captain excused himself very politely, by representing the necessity of discharging the duties of his post. "May I crave your name?" said his grace. "Thomas," replied the captain, in a cold sweat. "What countryman?" said his grace. "My god-fathers and god-mothers," answered Forbes. "I do not mean to catechise you," said the archbishop with a smile: "gentlemen of the army are apt to be witty with each other, but churchmen must not indulge it." The captain, glad to find it a jest, sat down with his grace, and laughed heartily.

A certain counsellor, famed for his eloquence and covetousness, and who seldom

dom considered the goodness of the cause, provided his client could pay him, was consulted by a notorious robber, who promised him a large reward, provided that he brought him off; and the pleader so dexterously managed, that he saved the rogue from the gallows: and the client, to shew his gratitude, hastened to his house, and presented him with a thousand crowns. The counsellor, in return, solicited the favour of his company to supper; and the night proving wet and dark, further invited him to take a bed there, which the other accepted. The guest arose in the middle of the night, made his way to the room of the hospitable host, and without ceremony bound and gagged him; then repocketed his thousand crowns, and broke open a chest in which he found plenty

of gold, with which he marched off, wishing the counsellor a good night.

A poor but worthy clergyman, who possessed only a small lectureship, from the income of which he had a large family to maintain, had been under the necessity, through some expensive family sicknesses, &c. of contracting debts with several in the parish, and being unable to answer their demands, absconded for some time, for fear of being troubled; and, in short, was so ashamed of seeing his creditors, that he even prevailed with a friend to officiate for him on Sundays. However, considering this method of life could not last long, he took courage, and resolved to preach the following Sunday before his parishioners; when he took his text from the

New

New Testament in these words: "Have patience with me, and I will pay you all." He divided his discourse into two general heads; first, "Have patience;" secondly, "And I will pay you all." He then expatiated very largely and elegantly on that most christian charity, patience; after which, "And now," says he, "having done with my first head, viz. 'Have patience,' I come to my second and last general head, which is, 'And I will pay you all;'—but that I must defer to another opportunity." Which excellent conclusion so pleased his creditors, that they gave him his own time to pay his debts, assuring him, that they would never trouble him.

A poor cavalier corporal being condemned to die, wrote this letter to his

wife the day before he expected to suffer, thinking it would come to hand after his execution.

"DEAR WIFE,

"Hoping you are in good health, as I am at this present writing, this is to let you know, that yesterday, between the hours of eleven and twelve, I was hanged, drawn, and quartered. I died very penitently, and every body thought my case very hard. Remember me kindly to my poor fatherless children.

"Yours, till death,

"W. B."

It is reported of one of the chaplains to the famous Montrose, that being condemned in Scotland to die, for attending his master in some of his glorious exploits;

ploits; and being upon the ladder, and ordered to set out a psalm, expecting a reprieve, he named the hundred and nineteenth psalm (with which the officers attending the execution complied, the Scotch presbyterians being great psalm-singers), and it was well for him he did so; for they had sung it three parts through before the reprieve came. Any other psalm would have hanged him.

When Oliver Cromwell lay with his army at Perth, a rich old miser of that town, named *Monday*, hung himself one Lord's day, on account of the fall of grain. Oliver offered a premium for the best epitaph on old Hunks. Several were accordingly sent to him, but he was pleased with none. At last a poor cobler sent him the following, which

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was approved, and the author received the reward.

" Blessed be the *Sabbath day*,
And curst be worldly pelf;
Tuesday must begin the week,
For *Monday*'s hang'd himself."

A person having read this curious production, and perceiving that the cobler had supposed that Monday was the first day of the week, wrote the following:

" What country cam the cobler frae,
That Monday 'gan the week, wha wot?
Nor Jew nor Christian could he be—
Forsooth he was a Hottentot."

A married lady of quality going into the church of the Theatines, at Naples, and passing by a monk who was kneeling, said, " Father, let me have an interest in your devotions."—" On what behalf, madam?"—" That I may have chil-

children."—"I never pray for things which I can get myself." Within a twelvemonth, somehow or other, the lady obtained her wishes, and was delivered of a male child, to the great joy of her husband.

A clergyman one day went into Dolly's beaf-steak house, and as he entered the room, met another gentleman, who had the appearance of being a brother divine. On taking his seat, he found a person sitting at the table: this was Lens, the celebrated miniature painter, whose character for profligacy was notorious. The clergyman had scarcely sat down when Lens said, "I believe the fellow who is just gone out is a parson. I wish I had thought on it while he was in your seat; for of all fun whatever, nothing is so

great to me as roasting a parson." Such a declaration made to a stranger, who appeared to be likewise of that order, astonished the company; and perceiving the eyes of every one fixed towards them, the clergyman said, "Sir, you observed that had you known the gentleman who is just gone to have been a parson, you would have roasted him: now as you have nothing else to do till your dinner is set before you, I am a parson at your service, and while my steak is doing, I beg you will roast me for the gratification of your humour, and the entertainment of the gentlemen who sit around us." This was perhaps the first time that Lens was put to the blush. He could make no reply, but to relieve his embarrassment his dinner appeared, which was a fine mackerel, with goose-

berry

berry sauce; but before he could put his knife to it, the clergyman observed that he never saw a finer mackerel; adding, that as his steak was not ready, he would take the liberty of eating a bit, at the same time stripping up half the fish, and helping himself. This manœuvre produced such a roar of laughter, that Lens got up, went to the bar, paid for his fish, and left the other moiety to the victorious parson.

Lord Camelford entering one evening a coffee-house in Conduit-street, meanly attired, as he often was, he sat down to peruse the papers of the day. Soon after came in a "dashing fellow," a "first-rate blood," who threw himself into the opposite seat of the same box with him, and in a most consequential tone bawled

bawled out, "Waiter! bring me a pint of Madeira, and a couple of wax candles, and put them into the next box." He then drew to himself lord Camelford's candle, and set himself to read. His lordship glanced at him a look of indignation, but exerting his optics a little more, continued to decypher his paper. The waiter soon re-appeared, and announced his having completed the commands of the gentleman, who immediately lounged round into his box. Lord Camelford having finished his paragraph, called out in a mimic tone, "Waiter! bring me a pair of snuffers." These were quickly brought, when his lordship laid down his paper, walked round to the box in which the gentleman was seated, snuffed out both the candles, and leisurely returned to his seat. Boiling with rage and

and fury, the indignant beau roared out, "Waiter! waiter! waiter! who the devil is this fellow that *dares* thus to insult a gentleman? Who is he? What is he? What do they call him?"—"Lord Camelford, sir," said the waiter. "Who! lord Camelford!" returned the former, in a tone of voice scarcely audible: horror-struck at the recollection of his own impertinence, and almost doubting whether he was still in existence. "Lord Camelford!!! What have I to pay?" On being told, he laid down his score, and actually *stole away*, without *daring* to taste his Madeira.

Doctor Linegar, titular archbishop of Dublin, who was a man of lively parts and very communicative, happened, in a mixed company, to be introduced to a Mr.

Mr. Swan, a gentleman of a cynical turn, whose practice it was to attempt to raise a laugh at the expense of some one in company. They sat near each other at table, where the doctor engaged general attention by his sprightly manner. Mr. Swan, to silence him, said, "Doctor ——, I forget your name"—"Linegar, sir," returned the doctor. "I ask your pardon," replied Swan, "I have the misfortune scarce ever to recollect names; you'll not be offended therefore, if, in the course of conversation, I should name you doctor Vinegar?"—"Oh, not at all, sir," returned the doctor; "I have the very same defect, and it is probable, though I now name you Swan, I may by-and-bye call you a goose." The laugh was effectually turned against the cynic, who never attempted a second sarcasm that

that evening, and slunk away as soon as he decently could.

Dr. Leonard Howard, formerly vicar of St. George's, Southwark, was a very facetious man, but rather improvident. Being one day collecting a brief with the parish officers, he called, among the rest of the inhabitants, on a grocer with whom he had a running account; and to prevent being first asked for a settlement, he enquired if he was not somewhat in his debt. On referring to the book, there appeared to be seventeen shillings due to the grocer. The doctor, putting his hand in his pocket, took out some silver and a guinea; on which Mr. Fig, eying the latter with some degree of surprise, exclaimed, "Why, doctor, you seem to have got a stranger there."

"Indeed

—"Indeed I have, Mr. Fig," replied the wit; and returning it again very deliberately into his pocket, "I think, before we part, it may be as well that we should be better acquainted."

A proprietor of the Basingstoke canal being in company with three or four others, taking a survey of the cut on horseback, was expressing himself rather angrily about the losses he had sustained by adventuring his money in the speculation, when his horse suddenly started, and pitched him plump into the water. On his reaching the bank, one of his friends congratulated him on the successful change in his affairs. "I told you," said he, "the canal would fill your pockets for you one of these days."

A citi-

A citizen of very penurious character lately riding out with his friend, was complaining that his horse started at every new object he met. By-and-bye the horse began to prick up his ears and start back, as usual. "What the devil is it frightens him now?" said the citizen. "I suppose," replied his friend, "it is that *oat-stack* yonder, being an object he is unaccustomed to."

Two passengers set out from an inn in London early on a December morning. It was as dark as pitch; and one of them not being sleepy, and wishing for a little conversation, endeavoured, in the usual travelling mode, to draw his neighbour into a conversation. "A very dark morning, sir." "Shocking cold weather for travelling." "Slow going in

in these heavy roads, sir." None of these questions producing a word of answer, the sociable man made another effort. He stretched out his hand, and feeling the other's habit, exclaimed, "What a very comfortable coat, sir, you have got for travelling in." No answer still was made; and the enquirer, fatigued and disappointed, fell into a sound nap, nor awoke till the brightest rays of a winter's sun accounted to him for the taciturnity of his comrade, by presenting to his astonished view a huge bear, muzzled, and in a sitting posture.

A Genoese being in Turkey, had so great a curiosity to see what ceremonies the mahometans practised in their mosques, that he entered one by stealth; though

though he knew very well that if a christian was found there, he would be obliged to abjure his religion, or be put to death. This man was encompassed by so great a crowd, that he could not get out, when an accident happened to him which required him to go out immediately, being very much pressed by a natural necessity. This he could not get the better of, and in a little time saw himself in danger of death, the bad smell he spread around him having discovered the mischance. He freed himself from this danger, however, by giving them to understand, that he had been for a long time costive; and that now having come to recommend himself to Mahomet, he found immediate relief. Upon this the pious mussulmans exclaimed, "A miracle! A miracle!" and taking off his

his breeches, hung them up in their mosque, as a holy proof of their prophet's goodness and power.

Many years since, some of those covetous Ahabs, or encroaching rich men, who rob the poor all over the kingdom under the name of enclosing of commons, having estates contiguous to Columbonnel, a beggarly village in North Britain, laid their heads together, and obtained *an act* to enclose the common (without any equivalent to the poor); and to sanctify the measure, they easily gained over the parson, on the terms of giving him a part, and to his lot fell an old wife's house and garden; the first of which he presently *converted* into a stable, and as *conscientiously* added the latter to his own. It being then a custom,

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as it is to this day in some parts of the country, to examine the parishioners of all ages publicly in the church, respecting their spiritual state; when it came to the old woman's turn, "Well, Maggy," cries Mess John, "how many commandments are there?"—"Nine," quoth Maggy. "Whoot," cries Mess John, "what's become of the tenth?"—"Whoot again," cries Maggy, "ye ken well enough that ye have made a stable of one part, and the other ye have enlarged your garden with; ye ken that, laddie, well enough." The keenness of which rebuke before the congregation, for that time put an end to any further public examination.

The following retort courteous was given lately near the city of Norwich, which, as a return to unprovoked insolence,

lence, perhaps has not been excelled. A rider from London, and the manager of a company of players, well known for his ready wit and comic powers, were in company with others spending the evening, when the former proposed to entertain those present with a story. "My uncle," says he, "a *man of fortune*, was accosted one day by some people dressed in gold-laced waistcoats, whom, mistaking for gentlemen, he received with great civility and ceremony, till he discovered them to be no other than players, come to request his permission to perform in his barn; he then treated them with such contempt as the crew deserved, and sent them off with a flea in their ears." "As you have told your story," says Roscius, "I'll give you another. I was at Bury the other day,

and

and looking out of an inn window, I saw a fellow on an ass, with empty bags under him: he was followed by several of the same animals, all with empty bags, the rider frequently vociferating, Sand ho! sand ho! Bless me, said I to the landlord, why does that man make such a cry, when his bags are all empty? O sir, rejoined the inn-keeper, there's nothing improper in it, *the fellow is riding for orders!*"

A body of the jews at Constantinople had the temerity to tell Solyman the Magnificent, that the mussulmans would not be admitted into Paradise. The emperor asked, if any particular place would be assigned to them? "Yes," said the jews, "outside of the wall that encircles Paradise."—"If so," ob-

served the prince, "they will stand in need of *tents* to defend them from the injuries of the air; and of course, *a sum of money* must be raised for that purpose;" which the jews were obliged to pay.

When the mother of the late king of Spain was on her road towards Madrid, she passed through a little town, famous for its manufactory of gloves and stockings. The honest magistrates of the place thought they could not better express their joy for the reception of their new queen, than by presenting her with a sample of those commodities for which alone their town was remarkable. The major domo who conducted the queen, received the gloves very graciously; but when the stockings were presented, he flung

flung them away with great indignation, and severely reprimanded the magistrates for this piece of indecency. "Know," says he, "that a queen of Spain has no legs." The poor young queen, who at that time understood the language very imperfectly, and had been often frightened with stories of Spanish jealousy, imagined that they intended to cut off her legs. Impressed with this idea, she began to cry, and begged them to take her back to Germany, for that she never could endure that operation; and it was with some difficulty they could appease her. Philip IV. is said never to have laughed so heartily, as at the recital of this story.

During a cause in which the boundaries of a piece of land were to be ascer-

tained, the counsel of the one part stated, "We lye on this side, my lord;" and the counsel of the other part, "And we lye on this side." The chancellor, who was sir Christopher Hatton, hearing this, stood up, and said, "Nay, if you lie on both sides, which am I to believe?"

Doctor Mountain, chaplain to king James I., waiting upon his majesty when he was walking in St. James's-park, the king said, "That he was more troubled how to dispose of the bishopric of London, which was then vacant, than he was of any thing in his life; for," said he, "there are many who apply for it with so strong an interest, that I know not to whom to give it." The doctor told his majesty, "That if he had faith, he might easily dispose of it."—"What, do you take

take me for an infidel?" said the king. "No, please your majesty," replied the doctor; "but I say, if your majesty had *faith*, you might remove this *Mountain*," clapping his hand at the same time on his prominent belly, "into the *see*." The king was so well pleased with the pun, that he gave him the bishopric.

During the celebrated controversy between Mr. Boyle and doctor Bentley, on the subject of the Epistles of Phalaris, some Cambridge wags made the following pun: they exhibited in a caricature, Phalaris's guards thrusting Bentley into the tyraut's brazen bull, and this label issuing from the doctor's mouth, "I had much rather be roasted than *boyl'd*."

The French suffered a series of losses

after their defeat at Oudenarde, on which a general murmur ran through the army, as well as among the people. The blame was laid by some on the duke of Burgundy, and by others on the marshal duke de Vendome. One of the courtiers in the interest of the former, said to Vendome with a heavy brow, "See, sir, the consequence of your never going to mass; to this we must ascribe all our misfortunes." To this Vendome contemptuously replied, "Do you think that Marlborough goes oftener to mass than I do?"

Henry IV. of France passing through a small town, perceived the corporation assembled to congratulate him on his arrival. Just as the principal magistrate had commenced a tedious oration, an

ass

ass began to bray; on which the king, turning towards the place where the noisy animal was, said gravely, "Gentlemen, one at a time, if you please."

An abbé, who was very large and fat, coming late towards a city in France, asked a countryman whom he met, if he could get in at the gate. "I believe so," says the fellow, "for I saw a waggon-load of hay go in there this morning."

A quaker vindicating the pertinacity of his sect in refusing to give titles to men, gave this whimsical account. "I had the honour," said he, "one day to be in company with an excellency and an highness. His excellency was the most ignorant and brutal of his spe-

cies, and his highness measured just four feet eight inches without his shoes."

The archbishop of Canterbury having sent Ben Jonson an excellent dish of fish, without any drink, he made these verses:

"In a dish came fish
From the archbish-
Hop was not there,
Because there was no beer."

Another time, Ben came into an inn in Southwark in a country dress, and sat down by the side of the chimney. Some gentlemen at a table, thinking to put a trick upon him, says one, "Come, countryman, here's to you."—"Thank you, master," quoth Ben. Another said, "Come, we are going to make some rhymes; and he that can't rhyme, must pay

pay the reckoning."—"I don't know what you mean," says Ben; "but let's taste of your ale and your tobacco, and then I am for you." So he began thus:

"Good ale, O! good tobacco! and a pretty wench, O!
Will bring a man to the King's-bench, O!
And after he has spent all,
Then take him, sir John Lent-all!"

Ben Jonson and Sylvester being at a tavern, challenged each other to a rhyming match, when Sylvester thus began:

"I, John Sylvester,
Lay with your sister."

To this Ben replied:

"I, Ben Jonson,
Lay with your wife."

"That's no rhyme," says Sylvester. "O, but," says Ben, "its true, for all that."

A worthy old gentleman in the country, having employed an attorney, of whom he had a pretty good opinion, to do some law business for him, he was greatly surprised, on his coming to town, and demanding his bill, to find it amount at least to three times the sum he expected. The honest attorney assured him, that there was no article in his bill but what was fair and reasonable. "Nay," said the gentleman, "there is one I am sure cannot be so; for you have set down three shillings and four-pence for going to Southwark, when none of my business lay that way."—"Oh, sir," said

said the lawyer, "that was for enquiring after the turkey and chine, which you sent me out of the country."

A sheriff's officer had a writ against a gentleman at the suit of a tailor: on finding him, but having forgot the plaintiff's name, and saying that he had a writ against him: "At whose suit?" says the gentleman. "Why at his suit that made your suit," replied catchpole.

A Scotch parson, in the great rebellion, said in his canting prayer, "Lord, bless the grand council the parliament, and grant they may all hang together!" A country fellow, standing by, said, "Amen, with all my heart, and the sooner the better; and I am sure 'tis the

prayer of all good people!". –"Friends," says Mess John, "I don't mean as that fellow means; but pray that they may all hang together in accord and concord!"—"No matter what cord," answered the rustic, "so 'tis but a strong cord."

An English officer being in a coffee-house at the time of the rebellion in 1745, when the Roman catholics were prohibited from coming within ten miles of the capital, seeing a jew standing with his back to the chimney, with the hinder flaps of his coat open to the right and left, that the fire, as it was a nipping day, might act with more force upon his main body, said to a friend of his on the other side of the table, "D—n it! what a cursed

a cursed country is this! A jew may warm his a— where a christian cannot show his face."

A gentleman, full as licentious in his speech as loose in his principles, who had, indeed, so little regard either to personal or local propriety, that he made no scruple to swear most profanely, and to talk in favour of infidelity before those who were, he knew, highly offended with the utterance of oaths in common conversation, and had the deepest reverence for revealed religion—one day received a reply which made him blush for his behaviour, though he was not a man easily put out of countenance. Returning to his house, after having been to see the trial of Mr. Godfrey's experiment to extinguish fire, he met the rector

of

of his parish, a worthy and arch divine, who asked him if the experiment had proved successful? "Yes, by G—," said his neighbour roughly, "they were powerful enough to extinguish the flames of hell."—"Why then," replied the doctor, dryly, "let me advise you to order a few of Mr. Godfrey's balls to be packed up in your coffin."

The first question in the Assembly's Catechism, which is adopted by most dissenters, and particularly by the kirk of Scotland, is this: "What is the chief end of man?" An English lad being once catechised according to this form, of which he was ignorant, answered, that "Man's chief end was his *head*;" and another boy immediately observed, that it could not be; for that a man's head

head being *round*, could have no end to it.

There happened a very whimsical affair, in 1761, at Toulouse. Four Savoyard chimney-sweepers, having finished every thing in the way of their profession, and not having a penny left, took a resolution to enlist for soldiers. Accordingly, they received two Louis d'ors each; but the officer thought it necessary, by way of precaution, to lock them in a kitchen with some flaggons of wine. As long as the liquor lasted, they were quiet enough; but as soon as it was exhausted, they began to think of making their escape. They were not long in settling that point. There was a large chimney before them, which they mounted with their usual dexterity; and

and being fairly got to the top of the house, they held a council of war, when it was unanimously resolved to go down another chimney. The first tumbled into a great fire, out of which he jumped, covered with soot, into the middle of the room, and was immediately followed by his three companions. The place happened to be a gaming-house, and the operators at the great table, taking these adventurers for so many devils starting out of the fire, ran down stairs as fast as they could, leaving their money, to the amount of twelve hundred livres, behind them. This the Savoyards seized, and in an instant re-mounted the chimney, and running over the tops of the houses, descended again into their old apartment, just as the officer opened the door with some provisions. They offered

offered him his money again with a handsome profit, which he accepted; and then they returned to their own country, much richer than they could ever expect to be by their occupation.

A reverend clergyman, well known for his critical talents, and not more distinguished for his extensive learning, than for his propensity to those amusements which characterized parson Adams, recently related the following anecdote of himself to a select circle of friends. The conversation happened to turn upon the folly of some men's wives; upon which, said the doctor, "I will give you an instance of the folly of mine, and, I am persuaded, you must acknowledge it exceeds every thing you ever heard of." He thus proceeded: "You must know, that

that some time ago the bishop of —— was contemplating a translation of the Four Gospels; and it occurred to his lordship, that he probably might derive some advantage by consulting me upon the subject. I need not tell you how much I am attached to my pipe, nor what irresistible charms I find in a game at skittles. Now I happened to be enjoying both my favourite amusements at the Wheat-sheaf, when his lordship ordered his carriage, and repairing to my house, enquired whether I was at home? My wife, instead of denying me, as a sensible woman ought to have done, said I was at the Wheat-sheaf. The bishop naturally thought the Wheat-sheaf might be some corn-chandler's, where I was disposing of my tithe corn, or the produce of my glebe land.

land. He said to his coachman, 'John, do you know where the Wheat-sheaf is?'—'O yes my lord,' replied John. 'Well, drive there.' John obeyed, and in a few minutes the carriage stopped at the ale-house, where I was in the height of my glory. The bishop stared at the appearance of the place, as well he might. However, he alighted, and asked the landlord whether doctor —— was there? 'Always at this hour,' returned Boniface, 'you'll find him in the skittle-ground.'—'The skittle-ground,' muttered his lordship, as he advanced, 'what can he be doing there?' He soon discovered me in the midst of the *profanum vulgus*, who were attending minutely to the circumstances of the game. I was the hero of the contest, and was unluckily, at that precise moment,

ment, in the very act of endeavouring to tip all nine. I was stooping down, with my pipe in my mouth, the skirts of my coat tucked under my left arm, and a bowl in my right hand; my wig a little awry. I was aiming at the middle pin, and exclaimed, 'Well, here goes at the head of the church!' Before the bowl had well quitted my grasp, the bishop tapped me on the shoulder, saying, 'What, doctor, is it you?' I looked round, and became petrified, as if I had seen the Gorgon's head. I could not speak for some time, but at last I stammered out, 'Yes, my lord, it is me.'—'I am surprised to see you in such a place,' added his lordship. 'And I am equally astonished at seeing your lordship: but you must know, my lord, that I am afflicted with a pain in the chest,

chest, attended at times with a difficulty of utterance. Your lordship may easily perceive how I am affected at this moment.'—'I do perceive it, indeed,' rejoined the dignitary. I continued: 'for this complaint, my physicians order me to use the exercise in which you see me employed, and they tell me I shall derive great *benefit* from it.' The bishop turned upon his heel, and left me with this remark: 'Proceed, doctor, with your game; I wish you all the *benefit* from it your physicians have promised you; but I am afraid it will never procure you a *benefice*.' Now, my friends, I ask you, whether you ever heard of any woman's committing an act half so silly, as a clergyman's wife sending a bishop to a skittle-ground in search of her husband?" The company admitted

the

the application of the story, and the doctor's wife was, by common consent, admitted to have, in this instance, exceeded the folly of all their wives.

When lord Howe commanded on the American station, he made an order in the fleet, for the marine officers to keep watch with the lieutenants of the navy. His lordship once remarking at his table, that pursers, surgeons, and even chaplains, ought occasionally to take their turns on the same duty, a son of the church ventured to oppose the proposition as unreasonable. "What," said his lordship, "cannot you watch as well as pray?"

The same gallant veteran used to give the following account of the devotion of one

one of his crew. The fellow was brave, but a little too fond of a can of grog; yet never omitted to repeat this prayer every night, as he went to his hammock: "I never murdered any man, and no man ever murdered me; then God bless all mankind. Amen."

When the duration of parliaments was prolonged from three to seven years, a member who had voted for the change, on a dissolution waited upon a quaker, one of his late constituents, to solicit his vote. "Why," quoth the friend, "thou hast proved thyself an unworthy servant; for I sent thee on an errand of *three* years, and thou has staid *seven*."

When Farinelli, the celebrated singer, received the order of Calatrava from the king

king of Spain, the ceremony was performed, as usual, before all the court. The English ambassador observing that an officer, pursuant to the formality established on those occasions, was tying a brace of golden spurs to the heels of the new knight, made the following remark: "In England, we clap spurs on *cocks*, but in Spain, I find, it is the custom to put them on *capons*."

A countryman coming into a bookseller's shop to buy a Bible, the boy shewed him one which had a patch on the cover: the countryman was displeased at that, and would see more; on which the master came out, asking his servant what the man would have? "Sir," says the boy, "he wants a Bible, and he does not like this." Then the master

master looking on it, "Why, sirrah," said he to his apprentice," have I but one double-covered Bible in all my shop, that you must shew every one this?"—"O pray," said the countryman, "let me have it by all means, if it be double covered, for I would fain have a lasting one." And so he paid the price very willingly.

At the trial of a theatrical cause in the court of common pleas, a witty serjeant, by way of a good thing, during a short interregnum of the chief justice's leaving the bench, said to Charles Bannister, "We should be obliged to you for a song." Charles replied, "I have not the least objection, if you will order the music to accompany."—"That, you see, is not in my power," answered the

serjeant. "Pardon me for thinking otherwise," said Charles, "for the *band* is certainly *under your nose*."

A fellow being recently condemned to be publicly whipped, addressed the judge thus: "My lord, I'll submit to the punishment, if you insist upon it; but I don't like it: I might be a good scholar now if I had been fond of that *amusement* at school."

A bishop and a general being in company, the bishop gave the French king for a toast. The general, after drinking it, expressed his surprise that the bishop should give such a toast. "I did it," said the bishop, "in compliment to you; for were it not for the French king, there would be no need of an

an army." When it came to the general's turn, he gave the devil. The bishop refusing to drink it, the general insisted that he should, declaring, that were it not for the devil, there would be no occasion for ecclesiastics.

An Englishman in Portugal, on being shewn several curiosities in one of their churches, asked what figure that was? pointing to an old man with a long beard. His Portuguese friend, with great surprise, answered, "You must certainly know who that is—'tis God the Father." The Englishman, with great composure in his countenance, replied, "*'Tis so, indeed, and vastly like him, I protest.*"

Doctor Radcliffe being one evening

enjoying his glass, in a convivial circle in a coffee-house, a man entreated him to visit his wife, who was taken suddenly ill. The doctor said, he would follow him immediately; but the affectionate husband, a stout robust man, impatient of delay, threw the doctor over his shoulder, and ran off with him. As they were ascending the stairs, "Now," says Radcliffe, "I'll be *even* with you, you rascal, for I'll cure your wife."

A lady consulted a physician of eminence, on account of some rheumatic pains and a troublesome cough, which she laboured under in a severe winter. The doctor accordingly wrote a prescription which was sent by the footman to the apothecary's, as usual. The young gentlemen who were employed as dispensers,

pensers, read it with a smile, and recommended the messenger to take it to a haberdasher's on the opposite side of the street, as apothecaries did not keep the articles prescribed; upon which the footman enquired what the doctor had ordered, when he was informed by the young Æsculapians, that the prescription ran thus: "Take—a good warm double Scotch shawl, and apply it immediately round the shoulders and chest: add also, *secundum artem*, a stout Welsh flannel petticoat."

An old woman having consulted doctor Ward, he prescribed for her: in a few days she waited on him again, and in a piteous tone told him, that his prescription had no effect. The doctor looked at her, and after a pause, said,

"You should drink a glass of gin?"—"So I do, sir."—"You should drink a second?"—"So I do, sir, and a third and a fourth."—"Why, you old beldam," cried the doctor in a passion, "how can you expect that my medicine should do you any good, when you take so much pains to counteract it?"

A Gascon, who had been some years in the service of Louis XIV., obtained from his majesty a gratification of fifteen hundred livres. He went immediately to be paid by M. Colbert, who, just at his coming, had sat down to dinner. Notwithstanding this, the Gascon went boldly into the dining-room, and asked which was Colbert? "I am the person," replied the minister; "pray what would you have?"—"A trifle scarce worth mention-

mentioning," said the other; "only a small order of the king to let me have fifteen hundred livres." M. Colbert, with great good-nature, desired him to sit down and partake of the fare, which the Gascon did without a second invitation. After dinner, he was directed by him to one of his clerks, who gave him a thousand livres. The Gascon said there were five hundred more coming to him. "Very true," said the clerk; "but so much of the payment is stopped for your dinner."—"Odd's fish," said the Gascon, "five hundred livres for a dinner! I give but twenty sous at the eating-house. Well, then, if it be so, here, take back all the money: what signifies my cumbering myself with a thousand livres? To-morrow I'll bring a friend here to dine, and then all will be paid."

M. Colbert admired the gasconade, and ordered the officer to be paid the whole of the money; besides which, he rendered him several good offices.

Sir Samuel Garth, the poet and physician, being one evening writing a letter in a coffee-house, was much embarrassed by an Irish gentleman, who was rude enough to look over his shoulder all the time. Garth, however, seemed to take no notice of this, till towards the conclusion, when he humorously added, by way of postscript, "I should write more; but there's a d—d tall, impudent Irishman looking over my shoulder all the time."—"What do you mean, sir?" says the Irishman, "do you think I looked over your letter?"—"Sir," says Garth, coolly, "I never once opened my lips to

to you."—"Aye," said the other, with an oath, "but you have put it down, for all that."—"How can that be," says Garth, "when, according to your own account, you have never looked over my letter?"

A country knight, waiting upon Oliver Cromwell with an address, and being rather a corpulent man, had some difficulty in rising after kissing the protector's hand; and, in the attempt, a pretty loud explosion escaped from behind. "How now," cried Cromwell, "do you, sir, in my presence, dare to release prisoners?"—"No, please your highness," said the knight, "it was only an impudent rascal which escaped through the postern."

When the profligate duke of Wharton was on his travels, he some where or other picked up a bear's cub, of which he was very fond, and carried it about with him. But when he was determined to abandon his tutor, he left the cub behind him, with the following address: "Being no longer able to bear with your ill usage, I think proper to be gone from you; however, that you may not want company, I have left you the bear, as the most suitable companion in the world that could be picked out for you."

During lord Townshend's residence in Dublin, as viceroy, he often went in disguise through the city. He had heard much of the wit of a shoe-black, known by the name of Blind Peter, whose stand was always at the Globe coffee-house door.

door. Having found him, his lordship stopt to get his boots cleaned; which being done, he asked Peter to give him change for half-a-guinea. "Half-a-guinea, your honour!" said the ragged wit, "change for half-a-guinea from me! by —, sir, you may as well ask a Highlander for a *knee-buckle!*" His lordship was so well pleased, that he left him the bit of gold, and walked away.

A tall gentleman conversing with a short one, asked him, among other things, what advantages there were in being short? to which he answered, two considerable ones: first, short persons may stand upright where tall ones cannot; secondly, short persons may be assisted by tall ones, on many occasions

where tall persons could not be helped by short ones.

A devout gentleman followed his wife when she went to confession; and observing that the priest was conducting her behind the altar, in order to give her the discipline, he cried out, "Father, have a care, she is of a very tender constitution. I desire you will please to give me the stripes intended for her; and as we are the same flesh, it will be one and the same thing." So said, so done: he kneels down, and the confessor began his office; the wife, in the mean time, exclaiming, "Lay on, father, lay on, for I am a great sinner."

An hour-glass is still placed on some of

of the pulpits in country churches. Daniel Burgess, of whimsical memory, never preached without one, and he frequently *saw it out* three times during one sermon. In a discourse which he once delivered at the conventicle in Russell-court, against drunkenness, some of his hearers began to yawn at the end of the second glass: but Daniel was not to be silenced by a yawn; he turned his time-keeper, and altering the tone of voice, desired they would be patient a while longer, for he had much more to say upon the sin of drunkenness: "Therefore," added he, "my brethren, we will have another glass, *and then*—."

A poor French refugee, who had more learning than money, being recommended as a tutor to a gentleman's family, and wishing

wishing to make as good a figure as possible, went into a barber's shop, and desired to be shaved; at the same time saying he had no cash, but would pay another time. "You're a fine customer, indeed," cries the barber; "pray, sir, take notice of this shop, and come no more here; but I'll shave you this once for God's sake." He lathers him all over with cold water, and taking the first razor that came to hand, rather flays the poor man than shaves him. While the Frenchman was suffering martyrdom, a most horrid squalling was heard in the next room. A hungry cat had run away with part of the dinner, and the barber's apprentice was squeezing her head between two trenchers, to recover the stolen meat. "What the plague is the matter?" cries the barber. "Pray mind your

your business," says the Frenchman, "de matre be, dat your valet shavè de poor diable de cat for God's sake."

The bishop of Maupas taking the air in the fields one holiday, and seeing many people at play—some dancing, some singing, and others drinking, for joy of a plentiful vintage—said to the clergymen who were with him, "What a wicked and drunken set of people is here! They choose to spend their time in debauchery, rather than in improving their minds, and can more easily repeat an idle song than the articles of their creed." To prove his assertion, he called the nearest peasant to him, and said, "Tell me how many Gods there are?" —"Odd's fish, my lord," said the fellow, "there is but one! and for all that,

that, he is very badly served by the gentlemen of your cloth." The bishop proceeded no farther in the examination.

A freethinker, or would-be atheist, was endeavouring, when in company with two or three serious persons, to ridicule the doctrine of an overruling Providence, saying, "That all things came into being by *chance;* and with respect to a future state of rewards and punishments, it was only a whim to encourage methodism, or a bugbear to frighten old women and children." On hearing this, one of the gentlemen replied, "If all things were made by *chance,* as you affirm, sir, how do you know but that there may be a *hell* made by *chance?* And if so, and you should fall

fall into it by chance, and so by chance be eternally miserable, what a *damnable chance* that will be!"

A Cornish clergyman having a dispute concerning several shares in different mines, found it necessary to send for a London limb of the law, to have some conversation with the witnesses, examine the title deeds, view the premises, &c. In one excursion, as the professional gentleman was descending a deep shaft, by means of a rope which he held in his hand, he called out to the parson, who stood at the top, "Doctor, as you have not confined your studies to geography, but know all things from the surface to the centre, pray how far is it from this pit to that of the infernal regions?"—"I cannot exactly ascertain the distance," replied

replied the divine; "*but let go your hold, and you'll be there in a minute.*"

A young 'squire, just come from his first term at the university, was willing to give his parents a specimen of his improvement there. "Father," says he, "I can chop logic."—"Aye," says his father, "how is that, Tom?"—"Why," says Tom, "here, d'ye see, father, are a couple of fowls at table: I can prove they are three fowls."—"How's that?" quoth the father. "Why, there's one," says Tom, "and there's two," pointing to the dish, "and one and two make three, father."—"Well done," says the father, turning to his wife, "Tom's a conjuror: you take one fowl, and I'll eat the other, and let Tom have the third for his logic."

Donald

Donald M'Gregor, a notorious sheep-stealer in the Highlands, being overtaken by the grim tyrant of the human race, was visited by the minister of the parish, whose appearance, however, was by no means pleasant to Donald. The holy man warmly exhorted the dying Highlander to reflect upon the long catalogue of his sins, before it was too late, otherwise he would have a tremendous account to give at the day of judgment, when all the crimes he had committed in this world would appear in dreadful array as evidence of his guilt. "Oh! sir," cries the dying man, "and will a' the sheep, and the cows, and ilka thing Donald has helped himsell to, be there?" —"Undoubtedly," replied the parson. "Then let ilka gentleman tak his ain again, and Donald will be an honest man!"

man!" cried the Highlander, and expired.

Serjeant Davy, being concerned in a cause which he wanted to postpone for a few days, asked lord Mansfield when he would bring it on? "On Friday next," said his lordship. "Will you please to consider, my lord, that Friday next is Good Friday?"—"I don't care for that: the better the day the better the deed."—"Well, my lord," says Davy, "you may do as you please; but if you do sit on that day, I believe you'll be the first judge who did business on a Good Friday since Pontius Pilate's time." His lordship took the hint, and did not sit on Friday.

Lord Mansfield being told of the following

lowing motto on the coach of a very eminent quack, "*A numine salus*," thus translated it: "God help the patient."

In the court of king's bench, February 12, 1779, a jew came to justify bail for 1800*l*., when, on the usual questions being asked him, "If he was worth so much, and all debts paid," he replied, "My lord, upon my vord dis is a very great shum of monish, and as I really am not vorth half, I vill not justify, my lord, for it; but as the attorney here did give me a twenty pound bank-note to justify, vat wou'd your lordship have me do with it?" Lord Mansfield, who seemed struck with the answer, said, "You are an honest jew, and I would advise you by all means to keep it;" which Mordecai did; and as his lordship

ship was leaving the court, the Israelite, with many bows and scrapes, said, "I humbly tank you, my lord; for your lordship is the first that ever called me an honest man."

The following satire was read in the court of king's bench in 1783, upon a trial for defamation: "An artist very much admires the picture of the reverend parson Snake, in the exhibition, where he is drawn at full length in a beautiful landscape, with a large tree, and attended by his dog. He thinks, however, that the tree wants *execution*, and that the painter has not done *justice* to the DOG." Lord Mansfield observed, that he should be apt to excuse the libel for the sake of the wit.

A coun-

A countryman's wife one day, in a fit of passion, hung herself upon a pear-tree; which made the disconsolate husband say, "It was the best bearing tree he had ever known in his life."

During the high price of coals, a gentleman meeting his coal-merchant, enquired, whether it was a proper time to lay in a stock? The knight of the black diamonds shook his head, observing, "*Coals are coals* now, sir!" To which his customer replied, "I am very glad to hear it, for the last you sent me were nearly *all slates!*"

Two gentlemen of Bath, having a difference, one went to the other's door early in the morning, and wrote "*Scoundrel*" upon it; the other called upon his neigh-

neighbour, and was answered by a servant, that his master was not at home; but if he had any thing to say, he might leave it with him. "No, no," says he, "I was only going to pay your master a civil visit, as he left *his name* at my door this morning."

A young gentleman had long in vain entreated Sarah duchess of Marlborough, to use her influence in procuring him a commission in the army. Being one day in a large and polite company, where the duchess was present, her grace, overstraining herself, unfortunately produced a very loud explosion. The young gentleman, who sat next her, immediately rose up, and made a handsome apology to the company for being guilty of so unlucky a breach of good manners,

and

and thus freed the duchess of any suspicion of being the guilty person. Her grace, charmed with the young man's gallantry, presented him with a commission next day, saying, "'Tis an ill wind which blows nobody good."

Two men who had not seen one another for a great while, meeting by chance, one asked the other how he did? He replied, he was not very well, and had been married since he saw him. "That's good news, indeed," said he. "Nay, not such good news, neither," replied the other; for I married a shrew."—"That was bad," said the friend. "Not so bad, neither; for I had two thousand pounds with her."—"That's well again," said the other. "Not so well, neither," said the man; "for I laid it out in sheep,

and they all died of the rot."—"That was hard, indeed," says his friend. "Not so hard," says the husband; "for I sold the skins for more than the sheep cost."—"That made you amends," said the other. "Not so much amends, neither; for I laid out my money in a house, and it was burnt."—"That was a great loss, indeed."—"Nay, not so great a loss, neither; for my wife was burnt in it."

An honest dragoon, in the service of Louis XIV., having caught an officer in bed with his wife, after some words, told him, he would let him escape that time; but if ever he found him there again, he would throw his hat out at the window. Notwithstanding this terrible threat, in a few days he caught the spark there again, and was as good as his

his word. Sensible that what he had done would soon be known, he posted to court, and throwing himself at the king's feet, implored his majesty's pardon. The king asked what his offence was? on which the soldier told him how he had been injured. "Well, well," said the king, laughing, "I readily forgive you; for considering the provocation, I think you was much in the right to throw his hat out of the window."—"Yes, please your majesty," said the man; "but then his head was in it."—"Was it?" replied the king, "well, my word is passed."

Before the conquest of Quebec, general Wolfe wrote a letter to the secretary at war, describing all his manœuvres at that period in so sensible a manner,

that it was looked upon as a *chef d'œuvre* of military knowledge. The late Charles Townhsend availed himself of this circumstance to say, in all companies, "That it was his brother George's, who was then third in command; for that Wolfe was a fine hard-headed fellow, only fit for fighting." This gained some degree of credit amongst those who knew little of Wolfe's abilities. However, soon after it unfortunately happened that Wolfe was killed; when general Monckton, the second in command, being wounded at the same time, the care of the army devolved on lord Townshend, who in that capacity wrote a letter to the secretary at war, describing the battle; but in point of knowledge so inferior to the first, that every body saw the difference. Talking of this matter one morning at the treasury, when

when Charles Townshend was still ascribing the merits of the first letter to his brother, George Selwyn, who happened to be present, called out to him, "Charles, if your brother wrote Wolfe's letter, *who the devil wrote your brother George's?*"

A Roman catholic priest was called to baptize a child; but having drank too freely, he was so muddled, that he could not find the baptismal service in the mass book; and while he was fumbling over the leaves, he said, "Ah! this child is very hard to be christened."

A country lady being at Versailles in the reign of Louis XIV., went to court, and being near the king, he told a duchess to rally her. Her grace accord-

ingly approached the lady, and asked, "What fool is fittest to wear horns?" The other directly answered, "A duke, madam."

Soon after the appointment of Swift to the deanry of St. Patrick's, he was informed by one of the chapter, that the beadle of his cathedral was a poet. The doctor sent for the man, and asked him some questions respecting his poetical talents, which the other modestly disclaimed, saying that he wrote only for his bell. The next day being the fifth of November, the dean insisted upon it that he should immediately compose some verses suited to the occasion, which the beadle accordingly did, as follows:

"To-

" To-night's the day, I speak it with great sorrow,
That we were all t'have been blown up to-morrow;
Therefore take care of fires and candle-light,
'Tis a cold frosty morning, and so good night."

The sublimity of this composition, however, is exceeded in the following, which was written by a parish-clerk, at the time when Russia and Austria were leagued against France. At a free and easy club where the clerk was president for the evening, he was requested to favour the company with something *in his own way*. Ever ready to promote hilarity, Dronestave immediately produced this elegant specimen of his poetic talents, which he sung in a style of *vocal melody* peculiar to his profession, and

was of course warmly applauded by the hearers:

" O God! send the Russian and Austrian brave men,
May kill all the French, and turn them to grave men.
Bold Russia and Austria don't care a f—té,
Either for Talleyrand or Bonaparté."

The following epitaph is on a tomb-stone in a church-yard in Dorsetshire; and the answer was written by a gentleman, on the widower's marrying again in a fortnight.

EPITAPH.

" For me deceased weep not, my dear;
I am not dead, but sleepeth here:
Your time will come; prepare to die:
Wait but a while, you'll follow I."

ANSWER.

ANSWER.

"I am not griev'd, my dearest life:
Sleep on: I've got another wife;
And therefore cannot come to thee,
For I must go to bed to she."

In an obscure church-yard, in Yorkshire, is the following epitaph; the subject of it was unfortunately killed by the descent of the stick of a rocket, as is indeed explicitly enough told by the poet:

"Here I lie,
Killed by a sky-
Rocket in my eye."

Emulous of the praise which the above *ingenious* composition received from the rustics of the village, a rival rhymester, on the death of a poor ostler who was driven over, produced two

lines which "supplied the place of elegy," and which ran thus:

"Here I lays,
Killed by a chaise."

A Roman catholic lady prayed very fervently to a favourite saint for the conversion of her husband, who died a few days afterwards; on which she said, "How great is the goodness of this saint, who has granted me more than I prayed for."

It happened when a parliament house was building at Paris, a countryman, standing by, observed with great attention how they went on. While he was gazing, up comes a lawyer with his bag, and said, "Friend, I am persuaded you do not know what place these people are

are building."—"True, sir; I wanted to ask you," replied the countryman. The lawyer answered, a mill. "I thought so," says the rustic, "on seeing an ass carry a sack to it."

A clergyman having discoursed very eloquently upon the perfection of the works of creation, was addressed, on coming out of the church, by a crooked hump-backed lawyer, who asked him what he thought of his person as an illustration of his sermon. The parson, eying him all over, said sarcastically, "Why, my friend, for a hump-backed man, I think you very handsome."

Before the revolution in France, a company of the king's guards used to be always stationed at Amiens. One of

them laid a wager that he would swallow a half-crown, and he did so; but fell seriously ill. The faculty could not succeed in making him bring forth the piece, and this being mentioned to the bishop of Amiens: "They do not know," says he, "the means to cure the man; but I can tell them of an infallible one. Let them send the soldier to M. Terrai, the minister of finance, for he knows how to get money from every place and every person."

The following whimsical inscription was written upon an apothecary's door at Oxford, by some wags of that university:

"Hic venditur
Catharticum, Emeticum, Narcoticum,
Et omne quod exit in um
Præter
Remedium."

James

James I. was a great enemy to tobacco, and he carried his antipathy against it so far, as to write a learned treatise to explode it from his dominions. The following is extracted from the witty apophthegms of that sagacious prince: the king said, "That tobacco was the lively image and pattern of hell; for that it had by allusion in it all the parts and vices of the world, whereby hell may be gained; to wit, first, it was a smoke; so are all the vanities of this world. Secondly, it delighteth them who take it; so do all the the pleasures of the world delight the men of the world. Thirdly, it maketh men drunken and light in the head; so do all the vanities of the world, men are drunken therewith. Fourthly, he that taketh tobacco, saith he cannot leave it, it doth bewitch

bewitch him; even so the pleasures of the world make men loath to leave them, they are for the most part so enchanted with them. And further besides all this, it is like hell in the very substance of it; for it is a stinking, loathsome thing; and so is hell. And farther, his majesty professed, that were he to invite the devil to a dinner, he should have three dishes: first, a pig; second, a poll of ling and mustard; and a third, a pipe of tobacco for digesture."

Doctor Goldsmith, sitting one evening at the Globe-tavern, Fleet-street, he called for a mutton-chop, which was no sooner placed on the table, than a gentleman with whom he was acquainted turned up his nose, and asked how the doctor could suffer the waiter to place such

such a stinking chop before him? "Stinking!" says the doctor, "in good truth I don't smell it."—"I never smelt any thing so disagreeable in my life," says the gentleman; "the rascal deserves a caning for bringing you such carrion." —"Truly," says the poet, "I think so too; but I will be less severe in my punishment." He instantly called the waiter, and, after persuading the poor fellow that the chop stunk worse than assafœtida, he insisted, as a punishment, that he should sit down and eat it himself. The waiter argued; but he might as well have attempted to beat Charles Macklin out of an opinion: the doctor threatened to knock him down with his cane, if he did not immediately comply with the punishment. When the waiter had swallowed half the chop, the doc-

tor

tor gave him a glass of wine, thinking, with his usual good-nature, it would make the remainder of the sentence less painful. When the waiter had done, Goldsmith's friend burst into a horse laugh, "What, in God's name, ails you now?" says the poet. "Indeed, my dear friend, I could never think that any man, whose knowledge of letters was so extensive as your's, could be so great a dupe to a stroke of humour; the chop was as fine a one as I ever saw in my life."—"Was it?" says the doctor, "then I shall never give credit to what you say again; and so I think I am even with you."

All Paris was amused in the year 1735, by an unlucky mistake made by a bishop, who, writing to his mistress, and

and at the same time to the cardinal Fleury, directed one letter for the other. That for the lady, which the cardinal received, was as follows:

"I have just now wrote to his old eminence, my charming queen, entreating leave to return to Paris. I make no doubt but he will grant it. As for the rest, the air is so pure here, that I have acquired so good a state of health, as to assure myself of being able to give you most sensible proofs of it, when I shall have the happiness of seeing you."

Guess how the prelate was surprised, when he read the following answer, which the cardinal immediately sent him:

"His old eminence advises you to extinguish your passion. His majesty orders you to remain in your diocese, and

and requires, that your life and conversation be as pure as the air you breathe; and that you make no other use of your good state of health, than by discharging the duties of your function."

An opulent farmer applied to an attorney about a law-suit, but was told that he could not undertake it, being already engaged on the other side: at the same time he said, that he would give him a letter of recommendation to a professional friend, which he did; and the farmer, out of curiosity, opened it, and read as follows:

"Here are two fat wethers fallen out together,
If you'll fleece one, I'll fleece the other,
And make 'em agree like brother and brother."

The perusal of this epistle cured both parties, and terminated the dispute.

Some

Some fellows broke into the stables belonging to a troop of horse, quartered some years ago at Carlisle, and wantonly docked the tail of every horse close to the rump. The captain, relating this circumstance to a brother officer, said, he was at a loss what to do with the horses. "I fancy you must dispose of them by wholesale," was the answer. "Why so?" asked the captain. "Because," said the other, "it is impossible that you can RE-*tail* them."

Charles Bannister being in company, and the conversation turning upon the subject of dreams, a person who seemed to put a great faith in them observed, that something serious was likely to befal himfelf, for that the night before he had dreamt of lice. Bannister replied, that

that this was not at all wonderful, as people generally dreamed at night of what had been "running in their heads the day before."

A tanner near Swaffham, in Norfolk, invited the supervisor to dine with him, and after pushing the bottle about briskly, the supervisor took his leave; but in passing through the tan-yard, he unfortunately fell into a vat, and called lustily for the tanner's assistance to get him out, but to no purpose; "For," says the tanner, "if I draw any hides without giving the twelve hours' notice, I shall be exchequered and ruined; but I'll go and inform the exciseman."

The rector of Hurworth, in the county of Durham, preached three Sundays succes-

successively upon these words: "Behold, now, the axe is laid to the root of the tree." It happened that a timber-merchant came to the village, and enquired at the public-house, if the landlord could inform him of a good purchase? The host very gravely recommended him to the parson of the parish; "For," says Boniface, "he has been felling wood the last three weeks." The unwary traveller, believing the information, waited upon the doctor, who was astonished at the application, and began to reprove the merchant for his insolence. The man, equally surprised, related what he had heard from the landlord; upon which the rector's wife unravelled the mystery, and said, "My dear, I hope this will be a warning to

you

you in future, not to preach three Sundays upon the same text."

Ben Jonson being one night at the Devil tavern, there was a country gentleman in the company, who interrupted the discourse continually with an account of his lands and improvements: at last, Ben, unable to bear with it any longer, said, "What are your dirt and clods to us? Where you have one acre of land, I have ten acres of wit."—"Have you so, good Mr. *Wiseacre?*" replied the other, which repartee threw the whole company into a fit of laughter, and struck Ben dumb for some time. At last one of his friends said, "Why how now, Ben, you seem to be quite stung?" —"True," replied he; "I never was so pricked by a hobnail before."

Ben

Ben Jonson owing a landlord some money, kept away from his house. The vintner meeting him by chance, asked him for what was owing to him; but at the same time telling him, that if he would come to his house, and answer him four questions, he would forgive him the debt. To this proposal Ben very readily assented, and at the time appointed waited upon the landlord, who produced a bottle of wine, and then put to him these questions: "First, What pleases God? Secondly, What pleases the devil? Thirdly, What best pleases the world? And lastly, What best pleases me?"—"Well," says Ben, directly:

"God is best pleas'd when man forsakes his sin;
The devil's best pleas'd when men persist therein;

The

The world's best pleas'd when you do draw
good wine;
And you'll be best pleas'd when I do pay for
mine."

The vintner was so well pleased with this impromptu, that he gave Ben a receipt in full for his debt, and treated him with a bottle into the bargain.

A justice of peace, who was possessed with the itch of scribbling, and had written a book which he meant to publish, sent it to Ben Jonson for his opinion, who, finding it full of absurdities, returned it with his compliments, and desired his worship would send it to the house of correction.

Doctor Fowler, bishop of Gloucester, had a strong faith in dreams and apparitions,

ritions, of which relations he formed a large collection. One evening he was telling a very strange story, about a demon which haunted a house in Lothbury, when one of the company very gravely gave his lordship the following account: "As I was one night reading in bed, as my custom is, and all my family were retired to rest, I heard a foot deliberately ascending the stairs; and as it came nearer I heard something breathe. While I was musing, and wondering what it could be, three hollow knocks at my door made me ask, who was there? and instantly the door flew open."—"Aye, sir," said the bishop, "and pray what did you see?"—"My lord, I will tell you. A tall thin figure stood before me, with dishevelled hair, and a ghostly aspect: he was covered with a long

sooty garment that descended to his ancles, and his waist was clasped close within a broad leathern girdle. In one hand he held a black staff, taller than himself; and in the other a round body of pale light, which shone feebly every way."—"That is very remarkable! Pray, sir, go on."—"It beckoned me, and I followed it down stairs, and there it pointed to the door, and then left me, making a hideous noise in the street."—"This is really surprising!" said the bishop. "But pray, did it give you no notice of what it might particularly seek or aim at?"—"Yes, my lord, it was the watchman, who came to inform me that my servants had left all the doors open."

The old earl of Derby, who lived in the

the reigns of James and Charles I., wore such plain apparel, that he could not be distinguished by his garb from the better sort of farmers; and coming to court in his ordinary habit, was denied entrance into the privy chamber by a fine dressed Scot, who told him that this was no place for ploughmen. The king, hearing a dispute at the chamber door, came out to know what occasioned it. To whom the earl said, "Nothing, my liege; but your countrymen, having left their manners and their rags behind them in Scotland, neither know themselves nor their betters." The king, being angry at the affront offered to so great a man, said, "My good lord Derby, I am sorry for the affront given you by my servant; and, to make your lordship satisfaction, I will command him to be

hanged, if your lordship desires it." The earl replied, "that is too small an atonement for the affront put upon my honour, and I expect his punishment should be more exemplary."—"Name it, my lord," said the king, "and it shall be done."—Why then," said the earl, "I desire your majesty will send him back to Scotland again."

A clergyman in the north, who had a large family, and but a very small living, exercised himself very much in fishing. It happened once that the archdeacon, going on his visitation, passed by the spot where the parson was at his favourite sport; and seeing him dressed in black, asked if he was the clergyman of the parish? "Yes, sir," answered the vicar. "Well," quoth Mr. Archdeacon, "and

"and have you here many *souls*?"—"No," says the vicar, who was intent upon his fishing; "we have no *soles* here; but we have flounders, gudgeons, and chubs."

King James keeping his court at Theobalds in the time of the plague, several constables were stationed about the palace, to hinder the people from crowding thither. One morning, a plain dressed gentleman coming near the palace, was stopped by a constable, who demanded what lord he belonged unto, taking him for a servant. The gentleman readily replied, "To the Lord Jehovah;" upon which the constable, turning to his brother officers, asked if they knew any such lord? They replied in the negative; but the constable being unwilling

to shew his ignorance or want of court breeding, said, "Let him pass; he belongs to some Scotch lord or other."

The count de Villa Medina being at church one day, and finding there a religious who begged for the souls in purgatory, gave him a piece of gold. "Ah, my lord," said the good father, "you have now delivered a soul." The count then threw upon the plate another piece: "Here is another soul delivered," said the priest. "Are you positive of it?" replied the count. "Yes, my lord," answered the monk; "I am certain they are now in heaven."—"Then," said the count, "if that is the case, I'll take back my money again; for it signifies nothing to you now, seeing the souls are already got to heaven, there can be no danger

danger of their returning again to purgatory." Saying which, he gave the pieces to the poor who were standing by.

A company of soldiers marching through a town, the captain observed, that one of the drummers did not beat, and sent the lieutenant to ask the reason of it. The drummer whispered him in the ear, "I have got a goose and a turkey in the drum, and the turkey is for his honour." When the captain was informed of this, he called out aloud, "Very well; why did not the fellow tell me before that he had the rheumatism?"

Some years ago, a man carried about Scarborough a bag, in which he said he had a cherry-coloured cat. The gentry

flocked to see this wonderful phenomenon; but when he had collected as much as he could, he produced his cat, which proved a black one. Being upbraided for the imposition: "Nay, gentlemen," said he, "I have not deceived you; for you know there are black cherries as well as red ones."

A Welsh parson, after divine service, used to play at cudgels with his parishioners in the church-yard; which being communicated to the bishop of the diocese, he took him to task about it; when the parson, in his defence, alleged, that he took great pains to instil the word of God into them in the church; but as that would not do, he endeavoured afterwards to beat it into them in the church-yard.

A link-

A link-boy asked the famous Daniel Burgess, the presbyterian preacher, if he would have a light? "No, child," says Daniel, "I am one of the lights of the world."—"Are you so?" replied the boy; "then I wish you was hung up at the end of our alley, for it is a d—d dark hole."

One of the supporters of the Bill of Rights being desirous of introducing sir George Savile's name among the members of the society, applied to the baronet for his permission to propose him. Sir George declined the honour, and pleaded that his engagements were so numerous, he had not time to attend. "We do not expect your constant attendance," replied his friend: "but the sanction of your name will be a tower of

strength to the society; and as you see by the public prints the manner we conduct ourselves, and the business we do, I think you must approve, and cannot refuse."—"I cannot," said sir George, "disapprove your conduct, for I think it very regular and systematic; but I disapprove the title you have adopted. I observe you meet and read a string of resolutions, and then adjourn to dinner. That done, you drink your two bottles each, and in the next papers appear advertisements, that on the following Monday, *the Supporters of the Bill of Rights* will meet again: *dinner on the table precisely at four o'clock.* You dine, &c. and your secretary gives us the same information in the next day's prints, and we learn that *dinner will be on the table precisely at four o'clock.*

This

This induces me to think you should alter your title, and instead of *Supporters of the Bill of Rights*, call yourselves SUPPORTERS OF THE BILL OF FARE!"

M. Morlau, physician to the duchess of Burgundy, going one day to the prince's with a sword, was jocose upon his adjustment, and said, "Monseigneur, do not you think I resemble captain Spezzaferro, of the Italian comedy?"—"It is impossible to resemble him less," answered the prince; "Spezzaferro never killed any body."

The abbé d'Aumont had taken a box at the comedy, and was waiting in it for the ladies of his company, when the marshal d'Albret arrived. From a motive of respect to this nobleman, he was

shewn into a box where the abbé was, who found himself obliged to give way to the marshal. The abbé withdrew, much displeased, and said, "Look at the brave marshal, he has never taken any thing in his life but my box."

Cicero was once at dinner in company with Fabia Dolabella, an ancient lady, who, speaking of her age, said, "She was but thirty years old." One who sat by Cicero whispered in his ear, "She talks of thirty years; beyond all question she must be considerably more."—"Nay," replied Cicero, loud enough to be heard, "I must believe her; for I have heard her say the same thing these twenty years."

An impertinent fellow troubling Aristotle

totle with a long and tedious harangue, observed that the philosopher did not much regard him; on which he made an apology, by saying he was afraid that he interrupted him. "No, indeed," replied the philosopher, "you have not interrupted me; for I have not heard one word you have said."

A German prince, laughing at one of his courtiers whom he had employed in several embassies, told him that he looked like an owl. "I know not," answered the courtier, "what I look like; but this I know, that I have had the honour of frequently representing your majesty's person."

A young man coming from a distant province to Rome, so greatly resembled

Augus-

Augustus, as to attract the notice of every person. Augustus hearing of this strange resemblance, sent for the youth, and having eyed him with great attention, said, "Pray was your mother ever at Rome?" The young man readily replied, "No; but my father was often."

A soldier having met with a severe wound in the face, was continually talking of it: Cæsar, who knew him to be a bragging coward, checked his insolence by saying, "Next time you run away, take care how you look behind you."

The accomplished Lucius Cary lord Falkland, in the reign of Charles I., was admitted very young a member of the house of commons, where he distinguished

guished himself greatly by his eloquence. But being proposed as a member of a committee, he was opposed by some of the old senators, who observed, that he had not yet sown his wild oats. To this he answered, "Then it will be best to sow them here, where there are so many geese to pick them up."

A gentleman remarking to his friend the cheerfulness of some convicts, who were going off for transportation, said, he thought that they seemed to be very happy. One of them overhearing him, replied, "Aye, aye, master, you see we are here happy enough; and so would you, too, if you were in our company." —"How can that be?" said the gentleman. "Why," answered the fellow, "if you

you were to go with us you would be quite *transported.*"

A butcher's boy carrying his tray on his shoulder along Cheapside, accidentally struck it against a lady's bonnet, on which she said in a passion, "The deuce take the tray."—"Ma'am," replied young rumpsteak very gravely, "the deuce can't take the tray."

The retort courteous was fully experienced by the celebrated counsellor Jack Lee, on the northern circuit; for being engaged in cross-examining one Mary Pritchard, of Barnsley, he began with, "Well, Mary, if I may credit what I hear, I may venture to address you by the name of Black Moll."—"Faith may you,

you, maister Lawyer," said she; "for I am always called so by the black-guards."

"Silence in the court! Why will you not keep silence?" said an angry judge one day; "here we have tried a dozen causes, and have not heard a word of one of them; you make such a horrid noise."

A very ignorant but conceited young fellow, going into a book-seller's shop with a relation, and perceiving him look into a small book and smile, asked him what there was in that piece to attract his attention? "Why," answered the other, "this book is dedicated to you, cousin Jack."—"Is it so?" said he, "pray let me see it; for I never knew before

before that I had that honour done me." Upon which, taking the book into his hand, he found it to be Perkins's Catechism, dedicated to all *ignorant persons*.

When the army marched towards Edinburgh in 1745, some of the troops being quartered at a public-house in Yorkshire, the host expressed his great regard for soldiers, saying they were the pillars of the nation: in particular, he took notice of a corporal, to whom he gave an invitation to spend some time at his house, when he should come again that way. The rebellion being over, the corporal, having a little spare time on his hands, called upon his old friend the landlord, and was not a little surprised at the cool reception; on which he

he reminded him of what he had said, that the military were the pillars of the nation. "'That is very true," replied mine host; "but then I meant caterpillars."

Some time since a journeyman tailor was attacked, at a place called Edgehill, near Liverpool, by three villains, who robbed him of his week's wages. They had just quitted him, when one of them said, "That fellow has a better coat than mine. We must go back again." They seized him again, stripped him, and put on him the coat of one of the robbers. They had scarce left him, when he heard them swearing that "they must have him again." The poor fellow, concluding that they meant to take his life, endeavoured to save himself

self by flight, in doing which he tumbled into a ditch. The robbers passed him at full speed, swearing, that "The devil must have flown away with him." He laid snug for some time, and then venturing out, made his way to a farm-house at a little distance; related the affair to the family, and entreated permission to stop all night. His request was complied with. Having now leisure to examine the *exchange* which had been forced upon him, on putting his hand into one of the pockets of the coat, he found *ten guineas!*

A little journeyman tailor waited upon Garrick, and requested to be received as a candidate for public favour, adding, that he had fixed upon the character of Richard the Third for his first appearance.

ance. "What, heh—heh—what—what! *Richard the Third,* say you? Egad, a bold attempt! Have you studied the part?" said Garrick. "Yes, sir."—"Rehearse—rehearse a speech then," said Garrick, surveying him all over. The tailor, nothing dismayed, got at once into the bustle of Bosworth-field, and proceeded, in a shrill tremulous treble, to repeat,

"A thousand hearts are swelling in my bosom;
Draw, archers, draw your arrows to the head,
Spur your proud horses hard, and ride in blood;
And thou, our warlike champion, thrice renown'd
St. George, inspire me with the rage of lions."

Just as he came to the words, "rage of lions," his eye caught that of Garrick, who had summoned up all the terrors of his countenance for the purpose, which

so dismayed the tailor, that he ran away in horror and trepidation, convinced that he was better calculated for the goose and the needle, than the sword of Richard.

Private theatricals are a very great nuisance, and ought to be entirely suppressed. The number of illiterate coxcombs who nightly murder Shakspeare, and the unfortunate females who are hurried into these receptacles of vice, if not under parental controul, ought to be rescued by the police from the misery that awaits them. Some time ago a *tailor's apprentice* was exhibiting Macbeth at one of these theatres, and having exclaimed,

"I have done the deed!"

a respectable man stood up in the pit, and

and called out, "That's not true—you haven't mended Mr. Smith's breeches, for which your back shall smart severely when you get home."

When the celebrated Mrs. Woffington first acted Sir Harry Wildair at Drury-lane play-house, coming off the stage into the green-room, "I believe," said she, "one half of the house take me really for a man." To which Quin replied, "But the other half, madam, know to the contrary."

A soldier who had been clapped in Newgate for a robbery and manslaughter, seeing one of his comrades in the street going by, called to him through the gates of the prison, asking him what news? "Why," answered the other, "there's

"there's a rebellion broke out in Scotland."—"God preserve us!" cried the fettered soldier, "should those rascals get the upper hand, farewell the liberty of Old England."—"Aye," replied the other, swearing a tremendous oath, "and what will become of the protestant religion."

A country clergyman, in the reign of Charles II., being intruded upon by a great company of hungry gentlemen who came to his house, after he had told them that they were perfectly welcome, and ordering his servants to hasten dinner, took his gown and prayer-book, and made as if he was going out. "Where are you going, doctor?" said the gentlemen. He answered, "I will return in a minute; for I must go, while the

the dinner is getting ready, to pray by a poor man dying of the plague." Upon saying this, he went out immediately, and was quickly followed by all his visitors, who fled as if the plague was actually at their heels.

A gay fop happening to be going by Billingsgate, one of the fishwomen cried out, "Oh la! I wish I could do what that fine gentleman can do, and I can't." On hearing this, the spark came up, and thinking to receive a fine compliment upon his person, asked the woman what it was which he could do and she could not? "Why," said she, "you may kiss my backside, and that you know I can't do myself."

A noble earl, who stammered so

much, that he was obliged to have a servant stand by him to repeat what he said, asked a clergyman at his table, by way of joke, if he knew what was the reason why Balaam's ass spoke? The clergyman not understanding him, the servant repeated what his lordship had said; to which the parson pleasantly answered, that Balaam stuttered, and his ass spoke for him.

The same nobleman asked a clergyman once at the bottom of his table, why the goose, if there was one, was always placed next the parson? "Really," said he, "I can give no reason for it; but your question is so odd, that I shall never see a goose for the future without thinking of your lordship."

Whilst

Whilst that eminent scholar Morel was employed on his edition of Libanius, he was told one day that his wife was suddenly taken ill. "I have only two or three sentences to transcribe, and then I will come and see her." A second message informed him that she was dying. "I have only two words to write, and I will be there as soon as you," replied Morel. At length he was told that his wife was dead. "I am sorry for it, indeed: she was a good woman."

When the periodical paper called The World was published, Mr. Owen Cambridge became a principal contributor to it. One Sunday morning, a note addressed to that gentleman from Mr. Moore, the editor, requesting an essay,

was put into his hands just as he was going to church. Mrs. Cambridge observing him rather inattentive during the sermon, whispered him: "What are you thinking of?" He replied, "Of the *next World*, my dear."

At the end of the American war, while general Burgoyne commanded at Cork, he saw a *corpulent* soldier among the spectators on the parade, whom he thus addressed: "Who are you, sir? You must be drilled twice a day to bring down your *corporation*. Who are you?" —"Please your honour," replied Pat, "I am the *skeleton* of the fifth regiment of foot, just marched over from America." The fact was so; for such was the carnage of that disastrous war, that only this fat soldier and captain Webb returned

returned to Europe, out of a full regiment landed in America.

A few days since a field preacher, who had been a printer, observed, in his nasal harangue, "That youth might be compared to a *comma*, manhood to a *semicolon*; old age to a *colon*: to which death puts a *period*."

The following is copied from an Irish provincial print: "On Monday last a fire broke out in the house of Mr. John Fleming, of Arran. It was making its way to the cellar, but was prevailed upon to stop in its course, and to take a copious draught of water; which not only allayed its thirst, but cooled its courage, on which it went quietly to rest."

Two sailors went into a church at Plymouth on the thanksgiving day, in 1805, both of whom belonged to the Temeraire in the ever-memorable battle of Trafalgar. The clergyman, in the course of his sermon, mentioned the words "Glorious victory," on which one of the tars observed to the other, "Hear, Jack, there's the *Victory*." The clergyman pronounced the word "Victory" a second time; on which the tar observed, "Mind, Jack, there's the *Victory* again." The clergyman, not long after, mentioned the word "Victory" a third time, on which the irritated tar observed to his companion, "D—n my eyes, Jack, if we stop here any longer: that fellow has mentioned the *Victory* three times, and never mentioned the *Temeraire*, that was in the hottest

hottest part of the engagement, and took two ships;" when they immediately left the church.

An old gentleman having occasion for a footman, desired his nephew to look out for a good one; but as he could not meet with one that he thought would please, at last directs his own to leave him, and serve his uncle. The servant left his young master with reluctance, knowing him to be a very worthy gentleman; however, believing it would be for his interest that he should attend on the old gentleman, he went to him, who received him with great satisfaction, being confident his master would not send a person that was not very capable of doing his duty; therefore he only asked him if he understood *sequences?*

 "I don't

"I don't know, sir," replies the man; "if you will please to explain what you mean by *sequences*, I shall give you an answer."—"Why thus," says he, "for instance; when I bid you lay the cloth, you are to put the knives, forks, salt, &c. on the table."—"O sir," replies the footman, "if that's all, I make no doubt but I shall please you." For some time they agreed very well; but at last, his master being taken ill one morning, ordered him to fetch him a nurse with all speed; however, he did not return till late at night. The moment he came into his master's presence, he reproached him severely for staying so long, when he had sent him on business of such importance. The fellow paid all the deference due to his master, and made no reply till the heat

of

of his passion was abated; when he begged to be permitted to justify his conduct, which being granted, he began with telling him that he went and found the nurse, who was below; the consequence of a nurse, he thought, might be an apothecary, so he was below; that as the consequence of an apothecary was always that of a doctor, he was below; the consequence of a doctor was often that of a surgeon, so he was below; that as these generally ended in business for the undertaker, so he was below also. The old gentleman was so pleased with his man's sagacity, that he ordered him to fetch a lawyer to make a codicil to his will, in which he left him a handsome legacy.

Alphonso, king of Naples, sent a

Moor, who had been his captive a long time, to Barbary, with a considerable sum of money to buy horses, and to return by such a time. Now there was about the king a kind of buffoon or jester, who had a table-book or journal, wherein he used to register any absurdity, or impertinence, or merry passage that happened at court. The day the Moor was dispatched for Barbary, this jester waiting upon the king at supper, the king called for his journal, and asked him what he had observed that day? Thereupon he produced his table-book, and amongst other things he read, how Alphonso, king of Naples, had sent Beltram the Moor, who had been a long time his prisoner, to Morocco, his own country, with so many thousand crowns, to buy horses. The king

king asked him, why he had inserted that? "Because," said he, "I think he will never come back to be a prisoner again, and so you have lost both man and money."—"But if he do come back, then your jest is marr'd," said the king. "No sir," replied the other, "for if he returns I will blot out your name, and put him in for a fool."

A warm dispute arose between some parish officers at a meeting, where the celebrated Beau Nash was present, about repairing the workhouse; when a man who was born there, but had acquired a good fortune in the world, and had forgot himself, strenuously opposed the laying out any money on that account, saying it was habitable, and that was sufficient. "Don't be too positive, my

friend," says Nash; "the building is strangely run to ruin since your mother lay in there."

A droll quaker, who was in years, being in a coffee-house at Bath when the bells rang, asked who was come to town? A gentleman in one of the boxes said, it was the devil: "Then says the quaker, "he may kiss my backside." "Friend," says Nash, "you seem to be a sensible man: but I don't think it is altogether prudent in you, to make enemies at your time of life."

A captain of a man of war had got a circle round him in one of the rooms at Bath, and was entertaining them with the relation of some marvellous phenomenon which he had seen at sea. Looking

ing round, he observed Nash laughing, on which he became angry, and asked, whether Nash did not believe what he said? "Why, sir," said Nash, "did you see it?"—"Yes I did," answered the captain. "Well, if you saw it," says Nash, "I will believe it; but I would not if I had seen it myself."

This gentleman, however, soon after returned the compliment; for Nash was one of those who shot with a long bow, or in other words, paid but little regard to truth in his sallies of wit and humour; and having told a most confounded large story, the captain gave a hem; upon which Nash made up to him, "And so, captain," says he, "you won't believe this?"—"Why, yes," said the captain, "I will, Nash, to oblige you;

you; but I would not believe such another d—d lie for any man upon the face of the earth."

An ignorant country fellow being about to be married, resolved to make himself perfect in the responses of the service; but by mistake, got by heart the office of baptism for riper years; so when he was asked in the church, "Wilt thou have this woman, &c." he answered "I renounce them all." The clergyman said, "I think you are a fool:" to which he replied, "All this I stedfastly believe."

A modest young clergyman was once asked, by an impertinent country apothecary in a public assembly, how it happened that the patriarchs lived to such

such an extreme old age? "I know no other reason for it," answered the divine, "but this, that they took no physic."

A lady being at a play, in which were introduced some scraps of Latin, asked a young beau who sat next her, for a translation of them. He replied, that the whole was an unintelligible jargon, and nothing more than what is called *dog-latin*. "It is strange," said she, "that a puppy does not understand his own language."

A physician going to visit his friend, who was rector of a parish in Cambridgeshire, found the roads much worse than when he was there before; on which he said, "Ah, sir, you may preach long enough; but I perceive that your parishioners

rishioners are resolved never to mend their ways."

The noted bawd, Mrs. Creswell, bequeathed by will ten pounds for a funeral sermon; on this condition, however, that the clergyman should say nothing but what was well of her. The character of the woman was so infamous, that it was with great difficulty a clergyman could be found to undertake the office. At last a young divine, for the sake of the legacy, engaged in the task; and after preaching a good discourse upon mortality, he concluded thus: "By the will of the deceased, it is expected that I should mention her, and say nothing but what is well of her. All, therefore, that I shall say of her is this: she was born well, she lived well, and she died well;

well; for she was born with the name of Creswell, she lived in Clerkenwell, and she died in Bridewell: then let us pray that she may fare well."

The profligate doctor Barrowby, whose wit had too often a strong tincture of ill-nature, was one evening very hard upon Mr. Hill, an apothecary, who had been in great distress. Hill took no notice of him at first, but suffered him to run on till he changed the subject, and among other things, the doctor mentioned his having been out of town for a week. "Aye," said Hill, "that was published in all the Saturday's papers."—"In what form?" says the doctor. "Why, decreased in the burials this week, one hundred and forty-four."

A bar-

A barber in the country having married a woman who had a fortune of twenty pounds left her by an old mistress, happened to call in upon an old acquaintance who kept a school. Just as he entered, one of the boys was reading the following passage in the New Testament: "It is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle, than for a rich man to enter the kingdom of God." On hearing this the poor barber turned pale, started back, and exclaimed with tears in his eyes, "If that is the case, the Lord have mercy upon me, what will become of my poor soul!"

Two friends coming into an inn, told the ostler to give their horses some oats, and then went into the house to take some dinner; but one of them said, he would

would go and see that the horses were properly taken care of; which the other endeavoured to dissuade him from, saying that "Will the ostler was an honest fellow, and would pay them every attention." His companion, however, went into the stable, where he saw honest Will robbing the horses. At his return, the other said, "Have the horses dined already?"—"Yes," replied his friend, "I believe yours hath; for as I went down just now, I saw the ostler taking away."

A Norfolk countryman being examined in the court of king's bench, in a cause concerning the right of fishing, was asked by the judge, "How they called that river?" To which, with great simplicity, he answered, "My lord, we need

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need not call her, for she is forward enough to come of herself."

A Welsh parson, in his sermon, told his congregation, how kind and respectful we ought to be towards each other, and added, that we were greatly inferior to the brutes in this respect. To prove this, he mentioned as an example the circumstance of two goats, which met one another upon a narrow plank across a river, so that they could not pass by without one thrusting the other off. "Now, how do you think did they do? Why, I'll tell you. One laid him down, and let the other leap over him. Ah, my beloved, let us live like goats."

A plain country fellow coming to London, which place he had never seen before,

fore, as he walked down Mark-lane, spied a rope hanging at a merchant's door, with a handle to it; and wondering what it could be for, took it in his hand: at length, pulling it pretty hard, he heard a bell ring, on which the merchant went himself to the door, and demanded the man's business. "Nothing," said he: "I did but play with this pretty thing which hangs at your door." —"What countryman are you?" said the merchant. "I am Essex," replied the fellow. "I thought so," replied the merchant; "for I have often heard say, that if a man beats a bush in Essex, out jumps a calf."—"It may be so," answered the fellow; "and I think a man no sooner rings a bell in London, but out pops a cuckold."

A sailor

A sailor going into a methodistical meeting, heard the holder-forth speak with great emotion against giving the lie in conversation; and therefore he recommended, when any story was told which seemed void of probability, to cry "Twang!" Afterwards, he digressed to the story of the great miracle, when five thousand persons were fed with five loaves, on which he said, that these were not such loaves as were made now, but were as big as mountains: at the hearing of which, the sailor cried "Twang!"—"What," said the orator, "dost thou think that I lie, friend?"—"No," replied Jack; "but I was thinking how big the ovens must have been that they were baked in."

When admiral Matthews commanded in the Mediterranean, the Algerines took

an

an English merchantman, which they detained, in spite of every remonstrance. The admiral sent his first lieutenant to the dey, demanding restitution of the ship; and threatening, in case of refusal, to bombard the place. "Pray, sir," said the dey, "if that should be the case, what may be the expense to the English nation?" The officer answered, twenty thousand pounds. "Well, sir," said the dey, "present my compliments to the admiral, and tell him, that I will burn the town for half the money."

Sailors, though they are the best fighters in the world, are not always the best scholars. One of these being at church, and hearing it read in the first lesson, that the ark was carried on men's shoulders, left the church in a passion,

and

and affirmed to a messmate with a great oath, that the parson had told a d—d lie; "For as how, do you see, he said that the ark was carried on men's shoulders; when every body knows, that the ark was big enough to stow one Noah, his crew, and a great quantity of live stock, for a voyage round the world."

A sailor, who had not seen the inside of a church, strolled into that of Porlock, in Somersetshire, just as the minister ascended the pulpit, who gave out for his text, "Wilt thou go up with me to Ramoth-Gilead, to battle?" which being twice repeated, the tar with some warmth rose up, and exclaimed, "What, do none of you answer the gentleman? For my part, if nobody else will go, I'll go with him, with all my heart."

A tar,

A tar, half-seas-over, staggered one evening into an auction room, and hearing the auctioneer bawling out three or four times, "Who bids more than three shillings and sixpence?" asked, "May I bid what I please!"—"O yes," replied the orator, "any thing you please, sir." "Well then," said Jack, "I bid you a good night, and be d—d to you."

At the conclusion of the last war, the boatswain of a seventy-four that was paid off, on his arrival in London, repaired to Monmouth-street, where he purchased a second-hand suit, highly embroidered, which had been worn at court. Having had his hair dressed quite in style, away he set for Drury-lane theatre, where he took a seat in a side box. It happened the same evening that two jolly tars,

belonging to the same ship, were placed in the front of the two-shilling gallery, and soon thought that they recognized their old acquaintance in the side box. They were for some time at a loss to account for his present appearance, and had some dispute with each other, whether it was actually the same personage. At last, one of them hit upon an expedient to determine the question. Getting up, he called out in the nautical style, "Ho, the boatswain of the Achilles, a-hoy!" To this well-known salutation, the boatswain, forgetting his fine habiliments, answered, "Hilloa!"

In a country play-house, after the play was over, which was most wretchedly performed, an actor came on the stage to give out the next night's performance, "Pray,"

"Pray," says a gentleman in the pit, "what is the name of the piece which you have just finished?"—"The Stage Coach, sir."—"Then be so good as to let me know when you play it again, that I may be an outside passenger."

A proud rector and his man, riding over a common, came up with a shepherd tending his flock; and perceiving that he had a new coat on, the clergyman asked him, in a haughty manner, who gave him that coat? "The same," said the shepherd, "that clothes you—the parish." The parson, nettled at this, rode on murmuring, a little way, and then told his man to go back, and ask the shepherd if he would come and live with him, for he wanted a fool. The man delivered the message as he was

ordered. "Why, are you going away," said the shepherd, "that your master is in want of a fool?"—"No," replied the man. "Then you may tell your master," returned the shepherd, "that his living won't maintain three of us."

Garrick used to employ one Stone to pick up low actors for him, and once he was ordered to find him a person to represent the bishop of Winchester. Not long before the play began, Stone sent the following note to Garrick:

"SIR,

"The bishop of Winchester is getting drunk at the Bear; and he swears, d—n his eyes, if he'll play to night.

"W. STONE."

To

To this Garrick returned the following answer:

"STONE,

"The bishop may go to the devil. I don't know a greater rascal, except yourself.

"D. GARRICK."

Mr. Hare being with Charles Fox one morning, on looking out at the window, perceived a number of the money-hunting tribe about the door. Not being certain whether it was himself or his friend they were in quest of, he called out "Pray, gentlemen, are you *Fox*-hunting or *Hare*-hunting this morning?"

Quin, dining one day at an ordinary, was seated next to a person of a most voracious disposition; and observing him

to cut a very large piece of bread, which he laid by his plate against the bringing up of dinner, the wit took it up, and, pretended to cut a piece off it. This was quickly noticed by the other, who told him in a very abrupt manner, "That it was his bread."—"I ask your pardon, sir," said Quin, in his usual deliberate way, "I really took it for the loaf."

When Quin lodged in the country, he lost his horse; and on asking a country fellow if they had any thieves among them, for that his horse was stolen? "No," says Hodge, "we be all honest fellows here; but they says as how there be one Quin hereabouts, a player-man from London: mayhap he may have stolen him."

Quin

Quin one day, accompanied by some friends, dined in the country with a noble duke, who made an apology for treating his guests with port wine only, because his butler had lost the key of his cellar. After dinner, his grace took them into the garden, to shew them an ostrich; when, among other strange qualities which belonged to that creature, he told them that it could digest iron. "Then, my lord duke," said Quin, "I suppose that it was he who swallowed the key of your grace's cellar."

A certain reverend drone in the country was complaining to a brother, that it was a great fatigue to preach every Sunday. "Oh," said the other, "I preach twice, and sometimes three times

a Sunday, and make nothing at all of it."

In a village of Picardy, after a long sickness, a farmer's wife fell into a lethargy. Her husband was willing, good man, to believe her out of pain; and so, according to the custom of that country, she was wrapped in a sheet, and carried out to be buried. But as ill luck would have it, the bearers carried her so near a hedge, that the thorns pierced the sheet, and waked the woman from her trance. Some years after, she died in reality; and as the funeral passed along, the husband would every now and then call out, "Not too near the hedge, not too near the hedge, neighbours!"

A man

A man had a wife so addicted to drinking, that he reproved her very sharply for it; when she modestly replied, that she was always fond of seeing the figure of the angel at the bottom of the jug. Away goes the husband, breaks the jug, and has another, with the figure of the devil at the bottom of it; but, alas! the habit was not to be cured. Again he expostulated with her about it; when in her defence she said, that "She could not find in her heart to leave the devil a drop."

No people upon the earth are so fond of many names as the Spaniards. A poor hidalgo coming one night to a small inn in France, knocked with great violence at the gate. The host, looking out at

the window, asked, "Who is there?" To which the Spaniard replied, "Don Sancho Alphonso Ramiero Carlos Domingo de la Fuentes." The landlord, hearing this string of names, said, "You must all go to the next inn, for I have not beds for so many."

Two old ladies, who were known to be of the same age, had the same desire to keep the real number concealed. One therefore used always, upon new-year's day, to go to the other, and say, "Madam, I am come to know how old we are to be this year."

A lawyer and a physician having a dispute about precedency, referred the cause to Diogenes, who gave sentence in

in favour of the lawyer, saying, "Let the thief go before, and the executioner follow."

The Spaniards are a reserved people, and dislike walking about the streets, except when business requires it. A gentleman of Madrid, seeing some Frenchmen sauntering backwards and forwards, went up to them and said, "I believe you are strangers who have lost yourselves; if you please, I will shew you the way home."

A methodist preacher, who was explaining to his congregation the great benefits arising from the Sabbath, told them, that among other excellencies belonging to the institution, one was the proper choice of the day. "The jews," said

he, "keep it on the seventh day, but we keep it on the first; and if it were on any other, it would make a broken week."

A Milanese, either out of ostentation, or for the sake of a jest, wrote down all his sins in a great book, which he carried to his confessor. The father, frightened at the bulk of the volume, satisfied himself with asking the penitent some questions, and told him, that he absolved him freely from all his sins. "But what penance do you impose?" says the sinner. "You must," answers the confessor, "read over for a whole month this book of yours, seven times a day."

In the reign of Louis XIV., the duke de Beaufort contrived to make his escape out

out of the castle of Vincennes. Some time afterwards, two noblemen of high rank were sent to the same prison; and being visited by a gentleman, one of them, who was a very pious man, said, "I beg sir, that you will, the next time you come, bring with you the Imitation of Jesus Christ."—"And to me," said the other, "the imitation of the duke de Beaufort."

During the minority of Louis XIII., his army not being very numerous, the queen-mother took occasion to say to the marshal de Fertè, "The enemy happen this year to be stronger than we; but as we have the better cause, God will take our part."—"Par dieu," answered the marshal, "do not depend too much upon that, madam; for I have always

always found God on the side of the strongest battalions." But this general's piety may be seen in the following story: taking possession of the government of Lorraine, the jews of Mentz going, according to custom, to solicit his protection: "Begone," says he, "you cursed generation; let me no more see that abominable people who crucified my master." His secretary having acquainted him, that they had brought him a present of one thousand Louis d'ors, "No," says the marshal, "let me hear no more of this matter; and if they do not depart my government in a fortnight, I will revenge the innocent blood which they spilt." The next day they returned, with an offer of two thousand; but met with the same reception. They afterwards tendered three thousand; but neither

neither three nor four could shake the resolution he had taken, of revenging his master's blood. At last, bringing five thousand pieces, and pleading that they were not guilty of the crimes of their forefathers, who were also ignorant that the person they persecuted was the true Messiah, otherwise they would not have crucified him: "It's true," says the governor; "the poor people did not know what they did." On this, he gave them his protection in exchange for their money.

The mayor of a town in Burgundy, hearing that the prince was to pass that way, and thinking himself to be a great orator, determined to display his abilities on this occasion. When the prince approached, the burghers were put under

under arms; and the mayor, at the head of the corporation, pulling out a long piece of parchment, began to harangue as follows: "Of all the towns that have the honour of being within the compass of your most serene highness's government, the very least would be overjoyed to make you sensible, that none has so great a zeal for your service, or affection for your person, as ours. We very well know, that the certain way of pleasing the greatest warrior of the present age, is to receive him with the thunderings of numerous artillery; but for us, alas! it was impossible to fire one cannon, for eighteen reasons. The first is, that there never was any such thing as a cannon in this place, since it was built. The second—"—"Hold, hold," says the prince; "I am so well satisfied with this

this reason, that I shall excuse all the rest."

Marshal Villars, upon the death of the duke de Vendome, was appointed governor of Provence; and when he went to take possession of his new government, the deputies of the province made him the usual present of a purse full of Louis d'ors: but the person whose place it was to deliver it, said, "Here, my lord, is such another purse as that which we gave to the duke de Vendome, when, like you, he came to be our governor; but the prince, after accepting it as a testimony of our regard to him, generously returned it."—"Ah!" said marshal Villars, squeezing the purse into his pocket, "the duke de Vendome was a most

a most surprising man—he has not left his fellow behind him."

In a country parish, the wife of the lord of the manor came to church, after her lying-in, to return thanks, or, as it is commonly termed, to be churched. The parson, aiming to be complaisant, and thinking plain "woman" a little too familiar, instead of saying, "O Lord, save this woman!" said, "O Lord, save this lady!" The clerk, resolving not to be behind-hand with him in politeness, answered, "Who putteth her ladyship's trust in thee."

Two men riding from Shipton to Burford, and seeing a miller riding before them on his bags, were resolved to make merry

merry with him; so they rode one on each side of him, and said, "Well overtaken, miller, come, tell us which art thou, more knave or fool?"—"Truly," said he, "I can't rightly tell which I am most; but I know that I am between both."

A gentleman in the city was for some time yoked to a mate, who had that amiable quality of never receiving, or supposing herself to receive any injury, without breaking silence. One day, observing her consort whispering something to the maid, she instantly fixed her fangs in his face, tore his hair by the roots, and, in short, suffered passion so much to get the better of her, that she was actually suffocated by its violence. The poor husband was so overcome with grief

grief at the sad accident, that he forgot to use any of those methods recommended by the Humane Society for the recovery of persons in his wife's situation. Indeed, so anxious was he for her everlasting repose, that he gave *instant instructions* for her *funeral*, directing most particularly, that she should be buried with her *face downward!* Being asked the reason of this, "Why," replied he, "if she should happen to awake, the more she scratches the deeper she goes!"

A clergyman in a northern county of Scotland, being engaged in the duty of catechising, discovered a very old man amongst his audience, who was grossly ignorant of the most simple truths of christianity; and when he enquired, if he

he knew the name of his maker? John scratched his head, and at last answered, "my father." The clergyman, turning to a child a few years old, said, "Pray, my dear, who made you?" The child readily answered, "God Almighty." The parson addressed the hoary clown, and rebuked him severely, saying, that a child knew better than he did. "The de'el thank him," says the old fellow, "he was last made."

A certain gentleman of Cambridge having published a volume of poems by subscription, went to wait upon a nobleman to deliver his book; but his lordship not being at home, the poet called again about a week afterwards, when he was accosted in the following polite terms: "Sir, I like your poems extremely

tremely well; but I have one favour to beg of you, and that is, that you would print your next edition on a softer paper; for this confounded thick and rough demy, rubs one's backside like a nutmeg-grater."

A foreigner, travelling in Scotland, ordered a fowl for dinner; but shewing great dislike to it when it was placed upon the table, the landlord brought a piece of fine salmon, and said, "Sir, I perceive you do not like the fowl: pray what do you think of this?"—"Think," says the guest, "why I think it is very fine salmon; and no wonder, for it is of God Almighty's feeding: but if it had been fed by you, I suppose it would have been as lean as this poor fowl, which I desire you will take away."

A gen-

A gentleman being indisposed, sent his servant, who was an Irishman, to see what hour it was by a sun-dial, which was fastened to a post in his garden. The fellow went as he was ordered; but being at a loss how to find the time, pulled up the post, and carried it to his master, saying, "Arrah, now, look at it yourself: I can make nothing at all of it."

A young nobleman just returned from his travels, was one day boasting of the magnificent presents which he had received from foreign princes, particularly a grand bridle that had been given him by the French king, ornamented with gold and precious stones, of such value, that "I cannot," said he, "think of putting it into my horse's mouth. What shall I

do

do with it?" Quin, who perceived that he made free use of the privilege of travellers, replied, "Put it in your own, my lord."

The American general Lee was very licentious in his principles, and rude in his manners. Being once in company with some Scotch gentlemen, he addressed them as follows: "Gentlemen, I must inform you, that when I get a little groggish, I have a foolish custom of railing against the Scotch. I hope no gentleman will take it amiss." With this he sat down; and then up starts a Scotch officer, who in a pleasant humour, said, "Gentlemen, I have a strange custom when I am a little groggish, and hear any person rail against the Scotch, of pulling him by the

the nose, and kicking him out of doors. I hope no gentleman will take it amiss." The American behaved very properly that evening, and the harmony of the company was not disturbed.

Three young Cantabs went one evening to a coffee-house near St. James's, being recommended to it for the goodness of the wine, particularly old hock. One of them, who took upon himself to be the wit of the company, ordered the waiter to bring a bottle of *hic, hæc, hoc;* however, the waiter paid no attention to his commands; and upon being called again, was cursed for a stupid rascal, and asked the reason why he did not bring the hock. "Really, gentlemen," said he, "I thought you had *declined* it."

A facetious canon of Windsor taking his evening walk as usual into the town, met one of the lay-vicars at the castle-gate, returning home, somewhat elevated with liquor. "So," says the canon, "from whence come you?"—"I hardly know," replies the the vicar. "I have been *spinning* out this afternoon with a few friends."—"Aye, and now," says the canon, "I see you are *reeling* it home."

A gentleman talking of what he had seen in his travels, a lady in company said, that she had been a great deal farther, and had seen more countries and more wonders than he had. "Nay then, madam," replied the gentleman, "as travellers, we may lie together by authority."

It was observed, that a certain man was so covetous, that he never invited any person to dine with him. "I will lay a wager," says a wag, "that I get an invitation from him." The wager being accepted, he goes the next day to the rich man's house, about dinner time, and tells the servant that he must see his master immediately, for that he has it in his power to save him one thousand pounds. Upon this, out comes the master. "What's that you say, sir, that you can save me a thousand pounds?"—"Yes, sir, I can; but I see you are at dinner, and therefore I will go and dine myself, and call another time."—"Oh, pray, sir, come in and take dinner with me."—"Sir, I shall be troublesome."—"Not at all." The invitation was accepted; and dinner being

over, and the family retired, "Well, sir," says the man of the house, "now to our business. Pray let me know how I am to save this thousand pounds?"—"Why, sir," said the other, "I hear you have a daughter to dispose of."—"I have."—"And that you intend to give her a portion of ten thousand pounds?"—"I do so."—"Why then, sir, let me have her, and I will take her with nice."

The following curious literary production was copied verbatim from the Salisbury Journal, to the printer of which paper it was addressed by a methodist preacher in that neighbourhood.

"SIR,

"Whereas the peaple of Daverhill givs it out that it was oing to I that the womun

womun there hangd herself, because when I preached to the Fokes I told um as how they was all dammed as did ent foller my way, now I say I coud not help it if the womun hangd herself, because if I can tell who will be dammed, I is ignorant who will hang themselves—they have foarced me to send this hadvertizement to you, cause the ignorant shoudent disperse my Karackter, as I mite louse my Congregation and by that means they woud be eternaly lost, cause how shoud they hear without a preacher, so mister Printer preay reform the Publick, that I asks their pardens if the womun hangd herself for I, as I hopes they will drop any furder slanderous persecution about I.

"J. HAMLIN."

Doctor Thompson, a physician, and a very great sloven, calling one morning upon lord Melcombe, whom he found with his family at breakfast, and seeing a plate of muffins, which he always prohibited, said, "My lord, have I not always charged you never to suffer a muffin in your house?" His lordship, eyeing his shabby coat and torn ruffles with contempt, replied, "Doctor, I have an utter aversion to muffins, and particularly *raggamuffins*."

The celebrated duchess of Kingston, who had a very high sense of her own dignity, being one day detained in her carriage by a cart of coals, that was unloading in the street, leaned with both her arms upon the door, and said, "Sirrah, how dare you stop a woman of quality in

in the street!"—"Woman of quality!" replied the man. "Yes, fellow," rejoined her grace, "don't you see my arms upon the carriage?"—"Why yes, I do," says the man, "and a pair of d—d coarse arms they are."

A gentleman, who went to look at some apartments that were to be lett, asked the servant girl, who was remarkably handsome, "Whether she was to be lett with the lodgings?"—"No," replied she, "I am to be *let alone*."

Among the many anecdotes which the great lord Mansfield used to relate, was the following:—A St. Giles's bird appeared as an evidence before him in some trial concerning a quarrel, and so confounded his lordship with his slang, that

he was obliged to dismiss him without getting any information from him. He was desired to give an account of all he knew about the business. "Why, my lord," says he, "as I was coming by the corner of the street, I *stagged* the man."—"Pray," said lord Mansfield, "what is *stagging* a man?"—"Stagging, my lord; why you see I was *down upon him*."—"Well, but I don't understand *down upon him* any more than *stagging*. Do speak to be understood."—"Why, an't please your lordship, I speak as well as I can. I was up, you see, *to all he knew*."—"To all he knew? I am as much in the dark as ever."—"Well then, my lord, I'll tell you how it was."—"Do so."—"Why, my lord, seeing as how he was a *rum kid*, I was *axe upon his tibby*." The fellow was

at

at length sent out of court, and was heard in the hall to say to one of his companions, that he had gloriously *queered* old full-bottom.

Just before the battle of Malplaquet, a young officer procured a round plate of iron, which he desired the tailor to fasten on the inside of his coat, above his left breast, to secure his heart. The tailor in a hurry forgot to fasten it in the coat, and therefore fixed it in the seat of the breeches. The officer had no sooner put on his regimentals, than he was ordered to the field of battle; but being obliged to fly, he was getting over a hedge, where he stuck fast, when the pursuing foe gave him a push with his bayonet in the breech, which pushed him clean over. This favourable cir-

cumstance made him say, that the tailor knew better where his heart lay than he did himself.

In the reign of queen Elizabeth, a regiment of cavalry was raised for the assistance of the Dutch against the Spaniards. The soldiers were all tailors, and were mounted on mares: but the whole were either killed or taken; on which the queen said to the earl of Leicester, "The enemy have no great reason to boast, for we have lost on this occasion neither man nor horse."

Doctor M. formerly master of Christ's college, Cambridge, sent for the cook to give him a reprimand. The cook, seeing the doctor in a great passion, ran down stairs as fast as he could, and went

went out of the college gate, where he met the tailor, whom he called, and told him that he must immediately go up and take down the master's choler. The doctor, not having got over the heat of his passion when the tailor knocked at the door, asked very roughly, who was there? "It is I, sir," said the tailor; "the cook told me you sent for me to take down your *collar*."

A country parson having made too free with the bottle, at a dinner in the neighbourhood, had the misfortune, in his return home, to fall off his horse. Some country fellows, who saw the accident, replaced him on the saddle, but with his face towards the horse's tail, and thus led him to his own door, where they left him. His wife hearing old

Dobbin, came out, and seeing the condition of her husband, exclaimed, "Good Lord, my dear you are terribly cut."—"Cut, indeed," says he, feeling at the same time with both his hands, "egad, I believe the rogues have cut my horse's head off."

The great lord chief justice Holt, when young was very extravagant, and belonged to a club of wild fellows, most of whom took to an infamous course of life. When his lordship was engaged at the Old Bailey, a man was tried and convicted of a robbery on the highway, whom the judge remembered to have been one of his old companions. Moved by that curiosity which is natural on a retrospection of past life, Holt thinking that the fellow did not know him, asked what

what was become of such and such of his old associates. The culprit, making a low bow, and fetching a deep sigh, said, "Ah, my lord! they are all hanged but your lordship and I."

A fellow of St. John's college, Cambridge, sitting up one evening later than usual in a friend's room at Jesus college, and being pretty far gone in liquor, was very much pressed to take the porter and a lanthorn with him, both which he refused. To go to St. John's, it is necessary to pass through a church-yard, where the claret growing too powerful for him, he fell down upon his back between two grave-stones. He made several unavailing efforts to recover his legs, and finding all to no manner of purpose, he folded his arms with great calmness,

and

and was heard to say, "'Tis mighty well, I suppose I shall rise with the rest of them."

A nobleman being in want of a servant, an Irishman offered his service. "What countryman are you?" said his lordship. The fellow fearing that his birth-place would be a bar against him, readily replied, that he was an Englishman. "Where was you born?" said his lordship. "In Ireland," answered Paddy. "How then can you be an Englishman?" returned the nobleman. "Arrah, my lord," said the fellow, "and supposing I was born in a stable, is that a reason that I should a horse?"

Two poor young maidens at Newcastle, received a letter from an old rich uncle

uncle at Peterborough, inviting them to come to him as soon as possible, for that he felt his end approaching, and intended to constitute them his heirs, under the condition that they would attend him the few remaining days of his life, and then close his eyes. The sisters immediately made enquiries where-abouts *Peterborough* was; but unfortunately, they addressed themselves to a man who was as ignorant as themselves. "O," said he, "this happens very fortunately; for one of my friends, who is a captain of a ship, is just ready to sail for *Petersburgh*: I will recommend you to him—by him you will be very well treated." He kept his word. The girls took leave of all their acquaintance. As there is an English factory at Petersburgh, every one thought it probable

bable that this was the place where the uncle resided. The young women arrived there, and asked in vain for their uncle; but were soon undeceived by their countrymen, who procured for them a passage in a vessel bound to Hull, where they arrived in good health, got into a stage-coach, and proceeded, after having made this little round-about journey, to Peterborough. Whether they found their uncle living, we are not informed.

A gentleman had the offer of an advantageous match for his son, which he came into so readily, that the lady would not accept of him on any other conditions, than that he should make over his estate. This being done, the son told the father that he had company to dine with him; and, as he was troubled

troubled with an asthma, desired he would dine at the side-table. This justly giving the old gentleman offence, and sufficient reason to suspect his son's future intentions, he told him, that he believed there was a flaw in the writings, in consequence of which they were produced, when the father threw them into the fire. "Now, sir," says he, "you may sit at the side-table yourself, if you please."

A dignitary of York was once benighted and bogged upon Stockton-common; and being alone, he called aloud for help to some passengers who were coming from market. They immediately answered, "Who are you?" Upon which the doctor enumerated his preferments,

ments, saying, "The rector of Folkton, rector of Hunmanby, and vicar of Muston."—"Nay, marry," said one of them, "if you be so many of you, you may e'en help one another out."

At a club in Dublin it was agreed, that if any of the company should speak in a foreign language, he should be fined a bumper. Soon after, one of them began talking Irish, which being considered as a foreign and barbarous tongue, he was fined two bumpers.

A traveller was boasting of the many countries and cities he had seen. One of the company asked him, whether he had ever been in *cosmography*? The traveller, taking it for the name of some foreign city,

city, said, "We saw it at a distance, but going post we could not visit it."

A country gentleman being invited on a Sunday evening to sup at a friend's house, cards were proposed as a suitable amusement. The gentleman objected, on the old-fashioned principle, that the time was too sacred for such diversions, which occasioned a general laugh at his antiquated notions. Finding himself ridiculed, he sat down, and knowing his skill, joined the party out of mere resentment. At the close of play he was winner to a considerable amount. "You are very fortunate," said one of the company. "Not at all," replied he, "I consider myself as a judge, who has levied a smart fine upon a set of Sabbath-breakers."

Orator

Orator Henley being asked the meaning of the word *climax*, said he would explain it; so taking an axe, he cleft it strongly into a post, and then told the gentleman to get upon it. "Now," says he, "there's your *climb-axe*."

At a church in Scotland, where there was a popular call for a minister, as it is termed, two candidates offered to preach, whose names were Adam and Low. The latter preached in the morning, and took for his text, "*Adam*, where art thou?" He made a very excellent discourse, and the congregation were much edified. In the afternoon, Mr. Adam preached upon these words: "*Lo*, here am I." The impromptu and the sermon gained him the appointment.

A wo-

A woman went to complain to a justice of peace, that her husband had strapped her most *unseasonably*. "I declare," said his worship, "the strapping to be null and void; and for the future, let the husband take care that it be given in due time and season."

Foote, when at Paris, was walking with a Frenchman who had never been in England, and was very partial to his own country. After asking Foote many questions, he said, "Now as to a river, you have nothing like this in London," pointing at the same time to the Seine. To this the English wit replied, "We had just such another lately," alluding to Fleet-ditch; "but we have filled it up, not having any use for it."

A lady,

A lady, who paid Foote a visit at his country house, pretended to be greatly pleased with every thing in and about it, but particularly with a fine piece of water, as she called it, at the bottom of the garden, though in reality it was nothing better than a good wide ditch. "Pray, Mr. Foote," says she, "how do you get this canal supplied with water?" —"Why, madam," replied he, "my maids empty their chamber-pots into it every morning."

When Foote came out in the Haymarket, Quin frequently amused himself, by describing the state of poverty from which he had been extricated. Foote heard of this, and said to him one night at the Bedford, "It is very odd, Mr. Quin, that you should take a de-

light

light in abusing me."—"I abuse you! how, pray?"—"Why, you have said many things: the last which I remember is, that you was glad the fellow had got into the Hay-market, for he would find something now to wash his shirt with."—"Aye, now, the last saying you *remembered* is a d—d confounded lie, which you have made to plague me. I said you would get something to wash your shirt with, did I? Why, d—n ye, I never knew that you had a shirt to wash."

A nobleman, who had spent most of his estate, had just sold a manor of a hundred tenements, and came to court in an uncommonly splendid suit. "Am not I a mighty man," said he, "that bear a hundred houses on my back?"—"You

"You had better have paid your debts," said cardinal Wolsey, whose father had been a butcher. "True, my lord," said the other; "my father owed yours three halfpence for a calf's head—here's twopence for it."

When Charles Fox was six or seven years of age, he was suffered to do just what he pleased. About that age he strolled one day into the kitchen, when dinner was cooking, and a pig was roasting before the fire, which he amused himself by p—g upon. As it was a standing order of the house, that master Charles was never to be contradicted, so there was nothing to be done but to let the pig be so basted. The cook, however, thought it fair to give the guests warning of the sauce to it, which he did,

did, by sending up the following lines on a label in the mouth of the pig:

"If strong and savoury I do taste,
'Tis with the liquor that did me baste;
While at the fire I foam'd and hiss'd,
A Fox's cub upon me p—d."

This whimsical piece produced an explanation, and, of course, a hearty laugh.

A country clergyman preached three Sundays upon this text: "And Peter's wife's mother lay sick of a fever." Just as the congregation were coming out of the church on the last Sunday, the bell tolled for a funeral, and a neighbouring farmer riding by, asked one of the country fellows, who was dead of their parish? "Nay," says he, "I can't tell; but mayhap it be Peter's wife's mother,

for she has been ill of a fever these three weeks."

The reverend Mr. Carter, formerly incumbent of Bramford, in Suffolk, happening to dine among other of the clergy, at an alderman's house in Ipswich, one of the company, being full of himself, engrossed the conversation, and at length challenged any person present to start a question in theology or philosophy, to which he could not give a full and satisfactory answer. The vanity of the man struck every one with astonishment, which increased his volubility the more. At length, Mr. Carter thought fit to check his career by a simple proposition. "Here," says he, "is a fish that has always lived in salt water: pray tell me why it should come out a fresh fish, and not

not a salt one?" Being unable to make any reply, he said not a word more, but left the company to pursue more agreeable conversation.

A widow lady in the country wrote to a lady in town, entreating her to procure her a tutor for her son, and that he must have the following qualifications, giving a register of every virtue, and almost all the arts and sciences. The lady replied, "I have sought for a tutor, such a one as you desired, but have not yet found one: I will, however, continue my researches, and as soon as I have found him, you may depend upon this —that I will marry him."

Giles Erle and Colley Cibber were members many years of a gaming society

at Tom's coffee-house, Russell-street, Covent-garden. Giles Erle was greatly pleased with Colley's company; he was thought to be immensely rich, but excessively avaricious. Colley had been absent from the club some time, when his unexpected appearance gave such joy to Erle, that he rose up and embraced him, saying that he loved him above all things. "Yes," said Colley, dryly, "except a shilling."

A lady invited dean Swift to dinner; and as she heard that he was very difficult to please, she took a month to provide the entertainment. When the time came, every delicacy which could be procured was prepared, even to profusion. The dean was scarcely seated, before the lady began a ceremonious harangue,

harangue, observing that she was very sorry she had not a better dinner, and that she was apprehensive there was nothing fit for him to eat. "Pox take you," says the dean, "why did not you provide a better? sure you had time enough. But since you say 'tis so bad, I'll e'en go home and eat a herring." Accordingly he departed, and left the lady to lament her folly, which was certainly too severely punished.

As the dean was crossing the ferry at Dublin, turning himself from the passengers in the stern of the boat, he addressed a poor man near him: "Well, friend, what profession are you of?"—"I am a tailor," answered the other, not knowing the dean. "Are you married?" said Swift. "Yes sir."—"And pray who

wears the breeches?"—"My a—," answered the tailor. The dean muttered a little, but gave the fellow a crown.

Swift once preached an assize sermon, in which he dwelt pretty forcibly upon the use and abuse of the law; and among other things, he bore hard upon those counsellors who plead causes, which they know in their consciences to be wrong. After service, the sheriff, judges, and most of the barristers, dined together, the dean of course making one of the company. When the glass was going round, a pert young lawyer took occasion to be witty upon the dean, and after many altercations, he asked, "If the devil were to die, whether a parson might not be found for money to preach his funeral sermon?"—"Yes," said Swift, "and

"and I would gladly be the man, for then I'd give the devil his due, as I have this day done his children."

When Ludgate was standing, which was used as a prison for debtors, some gentlemen happened to be disputing about the antiquity of their families. An arch fellow who sat near them, observed, that he could boast of a more ancient lineage than any in company, for that he could trace his descent in a direct line from king Lud. "Aye," says one, "how do you make that out?"—"Why," answered the other, "it was my misfortune to be confined in Ludgate, and I contrived to make my escape, by fastening a rope round the statue of king Lud, in the front of the building."

A fellow of St. John's college, Oxford, was remarkable for two things—a great flow of humour, and an extraordinary appetite. One day after dinner, and half an hour's facetiousness, just as the course was going to be removed, he began to look with unusual melancholy: every one about him wondered at the doctor's gloominess, and at last the president asked him the reason. "Sir," answered he, "I am extremely out of order."— "Dear doctor," replied the president, "you look well, your colour is fresh, and you seem not to have lost your stomach."—"Mr. President," rejoined the reverend trencherman, "however well my looks may be, my case is desperate. I am not long a man for this world; the proof is too plain: for when I had my health, I never dined in this hall

hall but, before the last course was removed, my circingle fairly touched the margin of the table: but you see, notwithstanding my best endeavours at the venison pasty, I am now distant full three inches; it is no toucher. I fall strangely away, and am a gone man."—"Is that all?" said the president; "why then courage, doctor, though you have not reached at a toucher; for you must know, we have had the table moved six inches farther from the bench you sit upon; and therefore, instead of losing three inches, you have really gained three."—"O, ho! is that the business? why then it is all well enough," answered the doctor, who resumed his gaiety, drank his two bottles, and rolled to his chambers with great cheerfulness.

When Mr. Pulteney, afterwards earl of Bath, changed sides, and from being a flaming patriot, became a warm defender of the ministry, he came into the house greatly agitated, and complained to an honourable member, of some coarse indignities with which he had been treated by the populace. The gentleman to whom he addressed himself stuttered very much, and asked what had been said to him? "Why," said Pulteney, "among other foul expressions, they called me a sh—n fellow."—"Aye," replied his friend, "that was a d—d—d—nd impu—dent f—fellow; though to be sure, with re—gard to your pr—inciples, you are *al—turd.*"

The wife of a lieutenant-colonel who was stationed near Edinburgh, being visited

visited bythe minister's wife, was invited to come to kirk. This the lady promised to do, and kept her word, which produced a second visit; and the minister's wife then asked, how she liked their way of worship? The lady answered, "Very we'l; but that having dirtied her clothes, and been pestered with fleas, she hoped the minister would permit her to line the pew. "In troth, madam," replied the other, "I canna promise that; for my husband will think it rank popery."

A drunken fellow was brought before a justice, and to every question that was asked, he replied, "Your worship's wise." Upon this he was committed till the next day, when, being taken before the justice again, he was told of his impertinent

behaviour. "Pray, your honour, what did I say?"—"Say, fellow, why, to whatever question I put to you, your answer always was, 'Your worship's wise;' so that I thought thou wert mad." —"Truly," says he, "if I did so, I must have been mad indeed."

When Moliere, the comic poet, died, the archbishop of Paris would not let his body be buried in consecrated ground. The king being informed of this, sent for the archbishop, and expostulated with him about it: but finding the prelate inflexibly obstinate, his majesty asked, how many feet deep the consecrated ground reached? This question coming by surprise, the archbishop replied, about eight. "Well," answered the king, "I find there's no getting the better

better of your scruples: therefore let his grave be dug twelve feet deep, that's four below your consecrated ground, and let him be buried there."

George I., in a journey to Hanover, stopped at a village in Holland; and while the horses were getting ready, he asked for two or three eggs, which were brought him, and charged two hundred florins. "How is this?" said his majesty, "eggs must be very scarce at this place."—"Pardon me," says the host, "eggs are plenty enough; but kings are scarce." The king smiled, and ordered the money to be paid.

A gentleman asked the master of a ship at Liverpool, who had been in the Greenland trade, whether he had seen any

any rein-deer there? "No," says the captain, who was deaf, "I have seen it rain very hard; but I never saw it *rain deer.*"

A methodistical teacher, in his preaching, began to relate his own experience, as it is called; and among other things, he said that he had been in heaven eleven months. One of the audience, immediately on hearing this strange declaration, started up, and said, it was a pity that he had not stayed another month; for then he might have gained a settlement.

A rich man, having a slight disorder, sent for a physician, who felt his pulse, and then began to ask questions. "Do you eat well?"—"Yes," says the patient. "Do you sleep well?"—"I do."—"Then," said

said the physician, "I shall give you something to take away all your complaints."

The mayor of Norwich being in company with lord Sandwich, at the finish of the evening his lordship, filling his glass, said, "Here's *bon repos!*" The next day, after dinner at his own house, the mayor being called on for a toast, said he would give them one which he had heard from lord Sandwich, "So, here's *bon repos*, my boys!"

A very reprobate priest, going to do duty for a friend, found some difficulty in getting on the surplice: after bestowing some hearty curses on the vestment, he swore at last that the devil was in it. "I thinks as how he be, sir," said the clerk,

clerk, as soon as he saw him completely habited.

An Irishman giving his evidence at the Old Bailey, and speaking of a woman who lived with him as his servant, said, "He always found her at his house when he was absent."

At the Stafford assizes, Mr. D., in cross-examining a simple country fellow, asked him, if he did not know how much money such a person had in his pocket when he went from home? "No, sir," said the lad. "Look at me," said the counsel, "you are upon your oath: will-you-say-that-you-did-not-know?"—"Yes, sir. Now," said the fellow, "look at *me*, sir: can you tell how much money I've got in *my* pocke?

A gen-

A gentleman in the rules of the king's bench, being subpœnaed in a cause as a witness, the first address of a pert counsel to him was, "I believe, sir, you are in the rules of the king's bench?" To which the witness replied, "You, sir, *I know to be out of the rules of decency*, by your question, as not being relative to what I am come to answer." This retort had its effect, leaving the witness to relate what he knew of the transaction, without further comment or interruption from the counsel.

An Irishman who dined at the Lion-inn, Wolverhampton, where there was an elegant plate of the projected iron bridge over the Thames, in going down to Shrewsbury, by mistake got into another

ther coach, and was brought back to the place where he dined. After looking round the room, he burst out into the following exclamations: "O! and I never saw but one picture like that before now, and that was where I dined to-day; and by Jasus, the room too was the very picture of this; and if I had not seen it with my own eyes, I would swear it was the same;"—(waiter enters) —"and the waiter too! by the powers! what a likeness! Have not you a relation, now, Mr. Waiter, in the same profession as yourself, down at Wolverhampton yonder?"—"This is Wolverhampton, sir; you dined here to-day."—"Well, and I thought I could not be *desaved* now; but this is a cursed round-about way, and if it is not a *better road*, I shall be after d—g the

the coachman. Come, Mr. Waiter, let us hope that you are a good *hand* in putting your *best foot foremost!*"

An Irish gentleman being informed of the death of an acquaintance, whom he respected, said he would go into *second* mourning for him; but being observed, a few days afterwards in deep mourning, a person said to him, "I thought, sir, you said you should go into *second mourning*."—"Why this is *second* mourning," replied the Hibernian, "for I never was in mourning but *once* before."

A quaker, who was not over scrupulous, married a woman of the church of England. After the ceremony, the vicar asked for his fee, which he said was a crown. The quaker, astonished at his demand,

demand, said, if he would shew him any text in the Scripture which proved his fee to be a crown, he would give it to him; upon which the parson turned to the 12th chapter of Proverbs, verse 4th, where it is said, "A virtuous woman is a *crown* to her husband."—"Thou art right," replied the quaker; "Solomon was a wise man. Here are the five twelvepenny pieces, and something besides to buy thee a pair of gloves."

A fellow who had picked up a few scraps of the French language, and was entirely ignorant of the Latin, accosted a gentleman with, "*Quelle heure est-il, monsieur?*" (in French, What is it o'clock, sir?) The gentleman answered in Latin, "*Nescio* (I don't know)."—"D—n it," said the coxcomb, "I did not think it

was

was near so late;" and ran off as if he was upon business of importance.

A gentleman in company complaining, that he was very subject to catch cold in his feet, another, not overburdened with sense, told him, that this might easily be prevented, if he would follow his directions. "I always get," says he, "a thin piece of lead out of a tea-chest, and fit it to my shoe."—"Then, sir," says the other, "you are like a rope-dancer's pole—you have lead at both ends."

When doctor Brown, vice-chancellor of Cambridge, took leave of the university, he did it as usual in form, from the rostrum. It is always allowable on these occasions, for the fellow-commoners and students to shew their marks of approbation

bation or disapprobation. Accordingly, when the doctor mounted the rostrum, the whole audience began to hiss; upon which, with a happy presence of mind that turned the scale in his favour, he said emphatically, "Laudamur *ab his*."

A gentleman being obliged to ask pardon of the house of commons upon his knees, when he got up, began to brush his breeches, saying to a friend who stood near him, "I was never in such a d—d dirty house in my life."—"Oh," says the other, "that is always the case, in houses where there is so much lumber."

A gentleman passing over a causeway which parted two waters, but which was not railed on either side, to secure passen-

passengers from falling, in case of their feet slipping, said to a countryman whom he overtook, "Methinks this narrow causeway must be very dangerous, honest friend. Pray are not people lost here sometimes?"—"Lost!" answered the fellow, "I never knew any body lost here in my life. There have, indeed been some drowned; but then they were always found again."

Mention being made to Louis XI. of France, of an ignorant person who had got a fine library of books, the king said, "He resembles a hump-backed man, who carries a burden on his back which he cannot see."

The king of Spain had a librarian who knew little or nothing of books, which made

made a learned Frenchman say to his majesty, "Sire, I would advise you to make your librarian treasurer of your finances."—"Why so?" said the king. "Because he never makes use of what he is entrusted with."

One preaching on the beatitudes, made so very poor a discourse, as to tire his audience; upon which a person said, "The preacher has forgot one beatitude—Blessed are they who did not hear him."

A Swiss soldier once addressed Henry IV. of France in the following bold manner: "Please your majesty, permit me only three words: *pay, or discharge.*" The king instantly replied, "soldier, make them four, *nor one nor 'tother.*"

The

The duke of Sully going once into the same prince's apartment, met the royal mistress at the door, dressed in green. When the duke came into the presence, he found the king all in a flutter, and said, "Your majesty's health seems to have had a shock." The king replied, "I have had a fever upon me all this morning, and it has but just left me." The duke answered, "True, please your majesty: I saw it go away all in green."

Monsieur Bouret, farmer-general of France, was a man of immense fortune, but stupid to a proverb. Being one day in the king's apartments at Versailles, where two noblemen were engaged in a party at piquet, one of them happening to play the wrong card, by which means he lost the game, exclaimed, "Oh,

what a BOURET am I!" Offended at this liberty, Bouret stepped up to him, and said, "Sir, you are an *ass*."—"The very thing I meant," replied the other, with a *sang froid* which gave the repartee additional force.

A young performer on the French stage, who had all the requisites of the mind to form a good player, had unfortunately a figure very ill made for representing a hero; notwithstanding which, he ventured to attempt the character of Mithridates. He played the part in such a manner, that the audience would have been charmed with him if they had been blind. In one of the scenes, where a princess who performs with him, says, "You change countenance," a pleasant fellow in the pit cried out, "Oh,

"Oh, let him, let him by all means!" In a moment, all the merit of the actor was lost, the audience was in a roar, and the actor was obliged to withdraw.

One Mossman, a presbyterian preacher at Newbottle, paid himself these compliments in his sermon: "All the world kens that I am a learned man, a judicious man, and one that can clear the Scriptures well; but there are some in this parish that have not such thoughts of me: as for them, I pity them, for they must be very ignorant people." He was at that time preaching against taking God's name in vain. "Oh, sirs," says he, "this is a very great sin! For my part, I would rather steal all the horned cattle in the parish, than once take God's name in vain."

Christmas, in the north, is called Yule; and the presbyterians, it is well known, object to the keeping of that festival. One Matthew Selkirk, preaching against such religious observances, made this sagacious remark: "They that keep Yule-day, sirs, deny that Christ came in the flesh, and are therefore rank jews: and they keep that day in commemoration of Julius Cæsar, the chief of the jews."

The origin of the word *toast*, as given by Addison in the Tatler, is both curious and probable.

"It happened on a public day, a celebrated beauty of those times (the reign of Charles II.) was in the Cross Bath, in the city of Bath; and one of the crowd of her admirers took a glass of

of the water in which the fair one stood, and drank her health to the company. There was in the place a gay fellow half fuddled, who offered to jump in, and swore, though he liked not the liquor, he would have the *toast*. He was opposed in his resolution; yet this whim gave foundation to the present honour which is done to the lady we mention in our liquors, who has ever since been called a *toast*."

Foote was once at dinner with lord Mansfield, when his lordship produced some fine Toquay, and said, "There, Mr. Foote, taste that wine; it is the best you ever drank in your life: it was very old when I first had it, and I have kept it several years." His lordship then reached Foote a glass, not much bigger than a

good thimbleful, of this precious liquor. "Very old, my lord," says the wit, eyeing the quantity. "Why this wine is very dwarfish."—"What do you mean by dwarfish?"—"Why, my lord, it is very little of its age."

Foote meeting at Bath an old acquaintance, who was well known in the annals of gaming, came up to him, and asked with great cordiality how he was? "Ah, Foote," says the other, "I have had a terrible accident since I last saw you: no less than the loss of an eye."—"My dear fellow," says Foote, "I am heartily sorry for it. Pray at what game was it?"

Some years before his death, Foote dined at the Castle at Salt-hill. When Part-

Partridge produced the bill, Foote thought it very exorbitant, and asked him his name. "Partridge, an' please you," replied the host. "Partridge!" resumed Foote, "it should be *Woodcock*, by the length of your *bill*."

Foote rattling away one evening in his green-room with great wit and brilliancy, the duke of Cumberland, who was present, and seemed highly entertained, cried out, "Well, Foote, you see I swallow all your good things."—"Do you, my lord duke?" says the other; "why then I congratulate you on your digestion, for, by G—d, I believe you never *threw up* one of them in your life."

Baron B——, a celebrated gambler,

well known by the name of the *left-handed* baron, being detected at Bath secreting a card, the company, in the warmth of their resentment, threw him out of the window of a *one-pair-of-stairs room.* The baron meeting Foote some time after, loudly complained of this usage, and asked what he should do. "Do," says the wit, "why it is a plain case—never play so *high* again as long as you live."

Foote being engaged at a rout at lady Harrington's, found the ladies all so thickly seated, that on his entering the drawing-room he could not get a place to sit down in. "Come, Foote," says her ladyship, "*you* must not be kept standing, take a chair."—"You are very obliging, my lady," says the wit; "but there

there appears to me to be more *bottoms* than *chairs* at present about the room."

Foote happening to spend the evening with two dignitaries of the church, the conversation insensibly happened to settle on some point of polemical divinity, which the two churchmen took up on different grounds, with great force of argument: Foote all this time took no other share in the debate than in recruiting their spirits by constantly keeping their glasses filled. At last, one of them begged that as he could be at times as argumentative as witty, he would become an arbitrator. "I thank you kindly, gentlemen," says Foote very gravely; "but I have always made it a rule never to trouble my head about *family affairs*."

Foote and Garrick being at a tavern together, at the time of the first regulation of the gold coin, the former pulling out his purse to pay his reckoning, asked the latter, "What he should do with a light guinea he had?"—"Pshaw, it's worth nothing," says Garrick, "*fling it to the devil.*"—"Well, David," says the other, "you are what I always took you for—ever contriving *to make a guinea go farther* than any other man."

When Foote heard of the late Sir Francis Blake Delaval's death, the shock of losing so intimate a friend had such an effect on his spirits, that he burst into tears, retired to his room, and saw no company for two days: the third day Jewel, his treasurer, calling on him, he asked him with swoln eyes, what time would

would the burial be? "Not till next week, sir," replied the other, "as I hear the surgeons are first to dissect his *head*." This last word recovered the wit's fancy, who repeating it with some surprise, asked, "And what the devil will they get there? I am sure," says he, "I have known poor Frank these five and twenty years, and I never could find *any thing* in it."

Holland, the comedian (whose father was a baker), at his death appointed Foote one of his pall-bearers. The burying-place of the family was Battersea, where Foote having attended, to discharge the last duty to his friend, returned to town; and willing to get rid of his grief, went to the Bedford coffee-house in quest of some friends. The

business he had been upon being well known, one of the company addressed him with, "Well, sir, you have just been paying the last kind office to your friend?" To which Foote replied, "*Yes, poor boy, I have just been lending a hand to shove him into the family oven.*"

When Foote was last at Paris, in the course of an evening's conversation with some English gentlemen, the subject turned on Garrick's acting; when some of the company expressed their fears of that great performer's relinquishing the stage. "Make yourselves easy on that head," replied the wit; "for he'd play Richard before a kitchen-fire in the dog-days, provided he was sure of getting a sop in the pan."

Mrs.

Mrs. Reddish playing the Queen in Richard, one night, at Drury-lane theatre, and being rather of a coarse masculine make, a gentleman asked Foote, who sat next him, who she was? Being told her name was Reddish, "Reddish; Reddish!" says the gentleman, endeavouring to recollect her. "Aye, sir," says the wit, "*Horse Reddish.*"

When the celebrated doctor Taylor first set up his coach, he consulted with Foote about the choice of a motto. "What are your arms?" says the wit. "Three mallards," cried the doctor. "Very good," says Foote; "Why, then, the motto I would recommend to you is, *Quack—Quack—Quack.*"

Not long before his death Foote went

to

to spend his Christmas with a friend in the country, when the weather being very cold and but bad fires, occasioned by the scarcity of wood in the house, Foote was determined to make his visit as short as possible; accordingly, on the third day after he went there, he ordered his chaise, and was preparing to set out for town. The gentleman seeing him with his boots on in the morning, asked what hurry he was in, and pressed him to stay. "No, no," says Foote, "was I to stay any longer, you would not let me *have a leg to stand on.*"—"Why sure," says the other, "we do not drink so *much.*"—"No," says the wit, "but there is so *little* wood in your house, that by G—d I am afraid one of your servants may light the fires some morning with *my right leg.*"

To

To a man who had very narrowly escaped the pillory for perjury, Foote, who came to Bath to be cured of a jaundice, said, "So my good friend, you and I come here to have the eggs washed off our faces."

"What," said a gentleman to Foote, "do you pretend to say that the Scotch have no humour?"—"No, sir, I don't go so far as that: I only say they are very judicious, and slow in finding it out."—"How so?"—"Why, when I was at Edinburgh, and in company with the highest wits of Scotland, whenever I discharged a bon mot, they listened with great attention; but did not laugh till ten minutes after, because they had not before then discovered the meaning of it."

Lord

Lord Sandwich, one day after dinner, said to Foote, "Prithee, Sam, which dost think will be thy fate—to die of the p—x or the gallows?"—"That," replied the wit, "depends upon one of these two things—whether I embrace your lordship's mistress, or your principles."

A corpulent country gentleman being at Stratford at the time of the jubilee, celebrated there in honour of Shakspeare, was very fond of being in company with Foote. The latter, wishing to get rid of him, asked him abruptly what country he came from? "From Essex," answered the other. "Aye," said Foote, "from Essex; and pray who drove you?"

The last stroke of humour played off by the English Aristophanes was at Dover, when he was about to embark for France, which, however, he was prevented from doing by an embargo, issued in the form of an apoplectic fit. The day before this fatal accident, Foote went into the kitchen, to see how the dinner went on. There he addressed himself to the cook, and said he supposed she must have been a great traveller in her time, "Me!" says the woman, "I was never abroad in my life."—"No!" replies the wit: "why they say you have been all over *Grease* (Greece)."—"They may say what they please," said the cook; "but I was never twenty miles from Dover since I was born."—"Nay, there you must be wrong again," says Foote, "for I have myself seen you at *Spit-*

Spit-head." This excited a loud burst of laughter among the persons present, and the poor cook was ever after roasted about her travels.

A bride-maid found the ring in the chamber after the wedding night, on which was this posey: "*Cui dedit, se dedit;*" *i. e.* "He gave it to her who gave herself." The abigail, at a loss for the sense, applied to a person who translated it thus: "He did it and she did it."

Lord Chesterfield chanced one day to be at the duke of Newcastle's levee, when *Garnet upon Job*, a book dedicated to that nobleman, happened to lie in the window. Before his grace made his appearance, his lordship had time

time enough to amuse himself with the book; and when the duke entered, he found him reading it. "Well, my lord," said his grace, "what is your opinion of that book?"—"In any other place, I should not think much of it," replied his lordship; but in your grace's levee, I think it one of the best books in the world."

The same nobleman and another paying a morning visit together, just as the latter stept out of the carriage, a great lamp which hung in the centre of an iron arch before the door, fell, and missed the gentleman only by about half an inch. "Good God, my lord!" says he, much surprised, "I was near being gone."—"Why, yes," says lord Chesterfield, "but there would have been one comfort

fort attending such an accident, you would have had *extreme unction* before you went."

An ambassador from Morocco, who had never seen snow in his life, observing some boys gathering it up in their hands, and rolling it into balls, said, "It is no wonder the English are so fair, since they wash themselves with white rain."

A conceited but ignorant doctor, who affected an unlucky phrase at every turn, would exclaim without thinking of it, "So much the better." Visiting a patient almost in the agonies of death, he asked how he had slept the preceding night? "Not a wink, sir."—"So much the better," cries the doctor. He then enquired

enquired how his fever was? "O Lord," says the patient, "I burn as if I was on fire."—"So much the better," quoth Galen. "How does your cough?"—"I spit up my lungs," replied the sick man. —"So much the better," answers the quack. "Ah, dear doctor," replied the expiring patient, "what a pity it is that a man should go out of the world with all these fine symptoms!"

There was more wit than manners in a saying of Colley Cibber, the poet laureat, to the extravagant duke of Wharton. Colley, who sometimes visited his grace, was once in his coach with him, when it went very slowly through a slough, on the duke's manor of Winchendon, in Buckinghamshire. The poet, with his usual vivacity and assurance, said,

said, "It is reported, my lord duke, that you run out of your estate; but it is impossible for you to run out of this."

A physician, who lived in London, visited a lady at Chelsea: after some time, the lady expressed an apprehension, that it might be inconvenient to him to come so far on her account. "Oh, madam," replied the doctor, "I have another patient in this neighbourhood; so that *I kill two birds with one stone.*"

A justice of peace seeing a clergyman, on a very fine horse, riding between London and Hampstead, said to some gentlemen who were with him, "Do you see what a beautiful horse that proud parson has got? I'll banter him a little.

"Doctor,"

"Doctor," said he, "you don't follow the example of your master, who was content to ride upon an ass."—"Why really, sir," replied the parson, "the king has made so many asses justices, that an honest clergyman can hardly find one to ride, if he had a mind to it."

A passionate baronet having railed for a considerable time against the administration, and thrown out some very severe expressions, even against the highest personages in the kingdom, concluded by saying, that there was no *liberty* in the land, and that we should soon be a nation of slaves. "Pray, sir," replied an old gentleman, who sat seemingly intent upon the paper before him, "when you say there is no liberty in the land, do you mean *liberty of speech?*"

When

When James I. coined his twenty-two-shilling pieces called Jacobuses, his head was represented as crowned: he afterwards coined his twenty-shilling pieces, where he wore the *laurel* instead of the *crown*. Ben Jonson observed on this, that poets always came to poverty. "King James," says he, "no sooner began to wear bays, than he fell two shillings in the pound."

Rousseau and Voltaire lived for a time in friendship; but the strange absurdity of the former soon put an end to it, as he very ridiculously charged Voltaire with being the author of all his persecutions in Geneva, &c. Rousseau shewed the other, in the beginning of their acquaintance, an epistle addressed to posterity. "My friend," said Voltaire, "this

" this letter will never be delivered according to its direction."

As lady B— L— was presiding one evening at the tea-table, one of her ruffles caught fire from the candle, and burned before it could be extinguished. A nobleman who was of the party, and thought to be witty on the accident, remarked, " He did not think her ladyship so apt to *take fire.*"—" Nor am I, my lord," says she, " from *such sparks* as you."

A gentleman having a remarkable *bad breath*, was met by a celebrated Irish wit, who asked him where he had been? " I have been taking the air this morning," says he, " which was rather disagreeable too, as I had a d—d *north*

wind full in my face all the time."—"Come, come," says the wit, "don't complain; for the *north wind had the worst of it.*"

Mr. Moore, the author of many ingenious pieces, being a long time under an expensive prosecution in Doctors'-commons for marrying two sisters, was called upon one morning by his proctor, as he was writing his tragedy of The Gamester. The proctor having a leisure hour, Mr. Moore read him four acts of his piece, all at that time finished, which the former found himself so affected by, that he exclaimed, "Good God! how can you possibly add to this couple's distress in the other act?"—"Oh, very easily," says Moore: "there I intend to put them in the *spiritual court.*"

A smat-

A smatterer in letters, being at the Bedford coffee-house, took it into his head to abuse with great freedom all the modern literati; observing, that there was very little wit, humour, or learning, in the present age. Some time after, Dr. Hayes came into the room, when a gentleman was telling him how his friend had been abusing the *moderns*. "I have not the least doubt of his ill-nature," says Hayes; "so he would the *ancients too, if he knew their names.*"

Lord Mansfield being on the home circuit, a man was brought before him, charged with stealing a silver ladle. In the course of the evidence, the counsel for the crown dwelt rather sarcastically upon the prisoner's being an attorney. "O, brother," says his lordship, in a

whisper, "do not make the case worse than it is: if the fellow had been an *attorney*, you may depend upon it he would have stolen the *bowl* too."

A lady of wit and gallantry being accompanied, in her visit to one of the universities, by a stupid young nobleman, it was observed by a person who knew the parties, how ill her choice was of a conductor. "Not at all," says a gentleman, "I think it highly in character: *Minerva*, you know, was always accompanied by an *owl*."

A well-beneficed old parson being in a large company at a public dinner, entertained them with nothing else but the situation and profits of his livings. The company in general despised him too much,

much, to make any remarks on his egotism; but Quin being of the party, and observing the parson, as he stretched across the table, to shew a pair of very dirty yellow hands, immediately called out, "So, so, doctor, I perceive you keep your *glebe* in *your own hands.*"

On the death of the late general Armiger, who died the first night of his marriage, a great personage, who was ignorant of this circumstance, was asking several at the levee next day, what could be his disorder, it was so sudden? Many made their *congees*, and said, "They had not heard;" till coming up to lady B— L—, "Why, sire," says she, "it is rather an unphysical case; but poor general Armiger died in a *parenthesis.*"

The duke of Newcastle, when secretary of state, being one morning at the levee, running up and down about the room, with a face of much importance and enquiry, a lady asked the dowager lady T—, who was present, what she thought his grace was looking for? "O Lord," says she, "for nothing at all, madam, but the *two hours he has ost in the morning.*"

A jew, who was dressed in a tawdry suit of laced clothes, giving in bail before lord Mansfield, serjeant Davy, who was counsel for the plaintiff, was putting the question hard to the Israelite, to know whether he was worth such a sum of money, clear of all debts? The jew several times answered in the affirmative; but the serjeant still persisting in his interro-

interrogatories, the judge turns to the serjeant: "Poh! poh! brother Davy, how can you tease the gentleman so? Do not you see *he would burn* for much more?"

A droll fellow, who got a livelihood by fiddling at fairs and about the country, being one day met by an acquaintance who had not seen him a great while, was accosted thus: "Bless me! what! are you alive!"—"Why not?" answered the fiddler, "did you send any body to kill me?"—"No," replies the other, "but I was told you was dead."—"Aye, so it was reported," says the fiddler; "but I knew it was a lie as soon as I heard it."

A person who was of very low ex-

 traction,

traction, having made some advance in life, and intending to set up his chariot, consulted Mr. Anstis upon a coat of arms; but Anstis told him, he was not entitled to any. Some time after, however, the other meeting him, says, "Well, notwithstanding what you told me, I have got a coat of arms upon my chariot."—"And pray what are your arms?"—"Three combs."—"Upon my life," said Anstis, "very proper arms for such a lousy family."

Henry IV. of France asked a lady of his court, which was the way to her bed-chamber? "Sir," said she, "the only way to my bed-chamber is through the church."

Two girls of the city of Norwich disputing

puting for precedency, one the daughter of a wealthy brewer, the other the daughter of a gentleman of small fortune. "You are to consider, miss," said the brewer's daughter, "that my papa keeps a coach."—"Very true, miss," said the other; "and *you* are to consider, that he likewise keeps a dray."

In Southwark there is a small madhouse, dependent on Guy's hospital. In the first years of that hospital, a madman, having made his escape from one of the windows, crawled along over several houses; but coming at length to some bad tiling, it gave way, and part of his body went through. "Good God!" said a woman that was sitting in the room, "who's there?"—"Hold your tongue, you b—h," said the mad-

man; "I am only come to make you a skylight."

Tom Thynne, who was remarkable for his good housekeeping and hospitality, standing one day at his gate in the country, a beggar coming up to him, begged his worship would give him a mug of small beer. "Why, how now," said he, "what times are these, when beggars must be choosers! I say, bring this fellow a mug of strong beer."

Peter the Great of Russia, who always observed the strictest incognito in his travels, on his journey to Holland in 1716, entered Nimeguen at the close of the day. He went to an inn; and wishing to go to bed early, that he might set off at break of day, ordered only a few

few eggs, and some butter and cheese, for supper: a few bottles of red wine were drank at table, and his suite retired to rest. The following morning, the horses were ready at dawn of day; but before the czar made his appearance, his purveyor, Chapeloff, called for a bill. The innkeeper's demand was a hundred ducats. Chapeloff, astonished, thought it necessary to remind the landlord, that their supper had only consisted of a dozen eggs, and a little butter, cheese, and bread. "It does not signify," answered mine host; "I must have a hundred ducats before you leave the house." Chapeloff's rhetoric was thrown away—he would make no abatement. That officer, afraid to insert so weighty an article in his disbursements, without his master's knowledge, went and informed

the emperor. Well persuaded that he was not known, Peter came down, as if accidentally, into the court-yard, the gates of which he found shut by the inn-keeper, whom he asked in Dutch, how he could presume to exact so large a sum for such slender fare? "A hundred ducats a large sum!" said the landlord: "if I was emperor of Russia, I would give a thousand." On hearing this, the czar turned his back, made a sign to the purveyor to pay, and walked away. The Dutchman would not open the gates of the yard till he had received his hundred ducats, and then wished the gentlemen a good journey.

Doctor Sherlock, dean of St. Paul's, when preaching at the Temple, of which he was master, made some observations concern-

concerning the manners of the primitive ages of christianity; and among other remarks, he said, that in those happy days of brotherly love, all things were held in common, except their wives." A gentleman in one of the pews pulled his next neighbour by the sleeve, and whispered in his ear, "Their daughters, then, were common."

An officer in the army used, when he had drank a little too much, to amuse himself with his pistols in firing at marks. One night when he came home, he ordered his servant, who was an Irishman, to bring him his pistols. This was done; and the captain having loaded them, locked the door, and then told the man to hold one of the candles at arm's length, while he snuffed it with a ball.

Prayers

Prayers and entreaties were in vain, and comply he must. The captain performed the operation at the first fire; then, laying down his pistols, was going to unlock the door: but the man, catching up the loaded pistol, "Arrah, master," says he, "but now you must take up t'other candle, and let me have my turn." The captain remonstrated and swore, but all to no purpose: Pat was now possessed of power, and would be obeyed. Accordingly, his master extended his arm with the candle; but this being the first time of the man's performance, instead of snuffing the candle, he shot off a button from his master's coat, which narrow escape effectually cured the captain of his humour for candle-snuffing.

Philip

Philip II. of Spain, walking one day alone in the cloisters of the convent of the Escurial, an honest tradesman, seeing the door open, went in. Transported with admiration at the fine paintings with which that house is adorned, he addressed himself to the king, whom he took for one of the servants of the convent, and desired him to shew him the paintings, and explain the subjects of them. Philip, with all the humility and condescension of a lay-brother, conducted him through the apartments, and gave him all the satisfaction he could desire. At parting, the stranger took him by the hand, and squeezing it affectionately, said, "I am much obliged to you, friend. I live at St. Martin's, and my name is Michael Bombis: if you should chance to come my way, and call

call upon me, you will find a glass of good wine at your service."—"And my name," said the pretended servant, "is Philip the Second; and if you will call upon me at Madrid, I will give you a glass of as good."

The duke of Wharton was once relating to dean Swift many of his whimsical exploits and frolics; but as they consisted principally of ingenious debaucheries, the dean at length stopped him, and said, "My lord duke, I advise you, the next time you have an inclination to engage in a frolic, to try the frolic of being virtuous; and take my word for it, you will find it the pleasantest frolic you ever played in your life."

When

When Swift was a young man, and by no means known in the literary world, he happened to be standing in a careless manner, with his back to the fire, at Old Slaughter's coffee-house. Doctor Garth, just opposite to him, who was superscribing a letter, seeing a raw-boned awkward fellow rather engross the fire, calls out, "Pray, young man, have you got any *sand* about you?"—"No, friend," says Swift, "but I have got *gravel;* and if you will give me your letter, I will p—s upon it."

Doctor Sewel, and two or three more gentlemen, walking towards Hampstead on a summer's day, were met by the famous Daniel Purcell, the punster, who was very importunate with them to know upon what account they were going thither.

thither. The doctor merrily answered him, "*To make hay.*"—"Very well," replied the other, "you'll be there at a very convenient time; for the country wants *rakes.*"

Swan, the famous punster of Cambridge, being a nonjuror, on which account he had lost his fellowship, as he was going along the Strand, in the beginning of king William's reign, on a very rainy day, a hackney coachman called to him, "Sir, won't you please to take a coach; it *rains* hard?"—"Ah, friend," said he, "this is no rain *(reign)* for me to take coach in."

When Oliver Cromwell first coined his money, an old cavalier, looking upon one of the new pieces, read this inscription

tion on one side: "God with us;" on the other, "The Commonwealth of England."—"I see," said he, "God and the commonwealth are on different sides."

Sir James Marriott, the late judge of the admiralty, being asked, what could the French mean by their late new-fangled phrase, of concluding their letters with requesting, *your fullest assurance of their most distinguished consideration?* said, it was exactly the same thing as if they had said in more vulgar French, "*Baisez mon c—, Mons. Jean Bull.*"

The late lord Holland, who was perhaps one of the fattest men of his time in England, and his brother Charles, coming

coming out of the Thatch'd-house tavern one night together, a chair was called for the former; who altering his mind, agreed to go home in his brother's carriage, which was in waiting: the chairmen, however, being disappointed, he gave them a shilling. "Long life to your lordship," says Paddy, "sixpence more to your poor chairmen."—"What," says he, "have not I given you your full fare?"—"O, yes, your lordship; but *consider the fright.*"

When the present bishop of Winchester was married to his lady, who was a Miss *Bannister*, a confidential friend asked lord North, what could be his brother's motive for such a match? "She is no professed beauty, has no great fortune, nor is she allied to any great family."

family."—"Why, in respect to her beauty and fortune, I have not much to say of either; but I must beg your pardon with regard to alliance, as I hear she is very nearly related to the *Stairs*."

Lord North being one of the governors of the Charter-house, a formal complaint was made to him by one of the pensioners of that hospital, that the victuals were not so good as they should be, particularly the beef, which at times was stated not to be eatable. This complaint being renewed, his lordship went privately one morning to the Charter-house, and asking the house-steward whether he had any cold beef in the house, such as the pensioners usually ate, desired he would bring it up. The beef was accordingly

cordingly introduced, the look of which so pleased his lordship, that he immediately asked the steward, if he could provide him with mustard, bread, and small beer; which being likewise brought, he took a chair, and ate a very hearty luncheon. After this, he ordered the complainant to be brought up, and then asked him, whether that was the same kind of beef which was usually served? The man said, "Yes."—"And the same small beer, bread, and mustard?"—"Yes," says the man. "Why, then," replied his lordship, "all I have to say is this: if you have any complaint to make in future about such provisions, you must apply to another governor, and as there is no disputing tastes, he might perhaps redress you; but as for my

my part, you may see, my friend," pointing to his plate, "I have decidedly given it against you."

The late marquis of Townshend commenced his military course early in life, at the battle of Dettingen. The regiment he belonged to began the attack; and as he was marching towards the enemy, rather thoughtful, a drummer's head was shot off, so close to him, that his brains were scattered upon lord Townshend's regimentals. A veteran officer, apprehensive that this accident might too much affect his young friend, went up, and encouraged him by saying, that these were the mere chances of war, and that the best way was to pass them over without a thought. "O, dear sir," says his lordship, "you entirely mistake my

my reverie. I was only thinking what the devil could bring this little drummer here, who seemed to possess such a quantity of brains."

When the late lord Harcourt succeeded lord Townshend in the administration of Ireland, in the year 1772, his lordship had rather a long and troublesome passage, owing to rough weather and contrary winds. Lord Townshend, who had notice of his setting out from Holyhead, expected him to dinner, and of course, collected most of the principal officers of state to receive him; but lord Harcourt did not arrive till very late in the evening at Ringsend; and by the time he got to the castle of Dublin, it was twelve o'clock at night. Lord Townshend and a few of his friends, however,

however, were up, and over their bottle, when his lordship entered the apartment. When the customary salutations were over, lord Townshend observed, "You see, my lord, how we are engaged; and I hope, in your next dispatches, you will mention this circumstance, that though you came at the twelfth hour, you did not catch us napping."

Sir Nicholas Bacon going to pass sentence of death upon a criminal, was greatly importuned by him to save his life: among other reasons alleged, he told him he was his relation. "How do you prove that?" said the judge. "My lord," said the fellow, "your name is *Bacon*, and my name is *Hog*; and in all ages, hog and bacon have been

reckoned a-kin."—"But," replied the judge, "hog is ne er bacon till it has been well hanged; therefore you must be hanged before you can be any relation of mine."

Mr. Burke, one day, in the warmth of debate, spoke some words rather disrespectful of the government. Mr. George Onslow called him to order, and said he would not sit silent, and hear the sovereign insulted. Mr. Burke, in explanation, said, "That though he reverenced his majesty's own person, he saw no reason for respecting *his majesty's man-servant and his maid-servant, his ox and his ass.*"

Mr. serjeant Popham, when speaker of the house of commons, which had sat

sat long and done nothing, coming one day to queen Elizabeth, she said to him, "Now, Mr. Speaker, what has *passed* in the house?" He answered, "May it please your majesty, *eleven weeks.*"

At the time when lord North's ministry, by their agents, were procuring addresses from different parts of the kingdom, sir Thomas Egerton, with others of the government emissaries, applied to a Mr. Hague, an old gentleman, as remarkable for the fulness of his purse as for the dryness of his manner. Mr. Hague, after perusing the address with all the scrupulous and wary caution of a tradesman, very demurely pulled off his spectacles, folded up the bundle of loyalty, and returned it to the

knight with this remark: "I believe, young man, that you want a place."

Beau Nash often played tricks with others, and on certain occasions received very severe retaliations. Being at York races, and having lost all his money, some of his companions agreed to equip him with fifty guineas, upon this condition, that he should stand at the great door of the minster in a sheet, as the people were coming out of church. To this proposal he readily agreed; but the dean coming by, unfortunately knew him. "What," says the doctor, "Mr. Nash in masquerade?"—"Only a Yorkshire penance, Mr. Dean, for keeping bad company," quoth Nash, pointing to his companions.

A young

A young lady just come out of the country, and dressed in a very plain manner, was sitting on a bench at Bath, as Nash and some of his companions were passing by; upon which, turning to one of them, he said, "There's a smart country girl: I'll have some discourse with her." Then going up to her: "So, child," says he, "you are just come to Bath, I see?"—"Yes, sir," answered the lady. "And you have been a good girl in the country, and learned to read your book, I hope."—"Yes, sir."—"Pray, now," says he, "let me examine you. I know you have read your Bible, and the history of Tobit and his dog: now can you tell me what was the dog's name?"—"Yes, sir," says she, "his name was *Nash—and an impudent dog he was.*"

A lady of easy virtue being an evidence in a court of justice, and very severely cross-examined by the counsel for the opposite party, was for a short time at a stand to reply to a very uncommon question; but recovering herself, she set the court in a titter by saying, "What has been my ruin, sir, has been your making—I mean *impudence*, sir."

When Wilkinson, the comedian, first appeared on the stage, he applied himself principally to mimickry, in which he succeeded so well as to meet with universal applause. Amongst the various characters he took off, was Luke Sparks, who felt it so powerfully, that he made a formal complaint to Mr. Garrick. The latter, who himself smarted under the lash

lash of the mimic, laughed it off, and said, "Come, come, Luke, you had better take no notice of it: consider, if you are mimicked, it is in *good company*." —"Very true, sir," says the other, gravely; "but I have known many a man *ruined* by keeping *good company*."

When Macpherson's Homer came out, a book universally decried for a bombastical affected style, a lady remarked one evening, in a large company, to doctor Johnson, that she had been endeavouring to read it; but that the style appeared so *old*, she could not go through it. "You are perfectly right, madam," says Johnson; "it is as *old* as the *building of Babel*."

When the doctor was in Scotland, he

was waited upon at Edinburgh by doctor Robertson. In the course of his enquiries of Johnson, what he had seen in the town, Robertson asked him, whether he had been at the *kirk;* offering at the same time to accompany him there the next day. "With all my heart, doctor," says Johnson: "I should like to see the *kirk,* because *it was once a church.*"

A gentleman once asked Johnson, "What was his real opinion of Macklin? for I hear," says he, "he is very clever." —"What, Macklin clever!" says the doctor. "No, no, sir; the fellow is *a constant renovation of hope,* with an *eternal disappointment.*"

Johnson and Foote being once in company, the conversation turned upon the Scotch;

Scotch; when the latter observed, that however deficient they were in genius and humour, he believed them to be one of the most learned nations in Europe. "Why, Sam," says Johnson, "you are very much mistaken upon that point. I grant you, they have all a *mouthful* of learning; but not one of them a *belly-ful*."

A lady, who made great pretensions to learning, expressed to Johnson her high approbation of his Dictionary, and particularly thanked him for not having admitted into it any improper words. "I find, then," said the doctor, "that you have been looking for them."

After one of the first musicians had been playing a solo, and shewn a great

many tricks upon the instrument, for which he received general applause, a lady said to Johnson, how amazingly difficult the performance must be. "Madam," said the doctor, "I wish it had been impossible."

Doctor Johnson had a dispute with doctor Rose, of Chiswick, about bishop Warburton, who, the former said, possessed more learning than had been imported from Scotland since the days of Buchanan. Rose mentioned many Scotch authors, whom Johnson treated with contempt. At last says Rose, "What do you think of lord Bute?"—"I did not know that he ever wrote any thing," said Johnson. "No," replied Rose; "he wrote one line which you must admit to be of sterling merit."—"Pray what was that,

that, sir?"—"The order for your pension, doctor."

Rich, formerly patentee of Covent-garden theatre, was the first harlequin in Europe. Of his extraordinary agility, the following is an instance. Coming one night from the play-house, he got into a hackney-coach, and ordered the man to drive him to the Sun tavern, Clare-market. It happened, as the coachman was driving by the window, Rich, perceiving it to be open, threw himself out of the coach into the room. The man, not taking notice of this circumstance, drew up; and getting from his box, opened the coach-door, let down the step, and then taking off his hat, waited for some time, expecting his fare to alight: at last, looking into the coach,

and seeing it empty, he bestowed a few hearty curses on the rascal that bilked him, and remounting his box, was driving home. Rich, watching his opportunity, on the coachman's return, threw himself in at the window again; and calling out as loud as he could bawl, bid him turn about, for he was going wrong. The fellow, almost petrified with the circumstance, did as he was ordered, and once more drew up to the tavern-door. When Rich got out, after reproaching the fellow for his stupidity, he offered him his fare. "No, God bless your honour," says the man, "I cannot think of taking any money from *you*."—"'Pshaw, you are a fool," says Rich: "here's eighteenpence for you."—"No," says the coachman, who by this time had mounted his box, "that will not do; I know you too well,

well, though you do *wear shoes*; and so, Mr. *Devil*, for once in your life you are flung."

During the management of Rich, a person who had formerly been an attendant on Mr. Booth, in the quality of a *frizeur*, from constantly rubbing his skirts at the scenes, took it into his head to commence author; and accordingly produced a thing, which, by the recommendation of some persons of fashion, he got the manager to look at. Rich, on perusal, not finding it fit for the stage, told the author, in general terms, "It would not do."—"Your objections, sir?" says the other. "I tell you, Mr. ——, it won't do."—"But, sir," replied the author, "I should be glad you would be more particular, for the satisfaction of

of my patrons."—"O, then," says Rich, "you want a reason for my refusal, do you? Why then, Mr. ——, tell your noble friends, there's too much *horse-hair* in the piece."

To recollect the name of any person, though never so much in the habits of intimacy with Rich, was, either really or affectedly, beyond the ordinary reach of his memory. He generally addressed the person, "Mr.," or "Madam," while a long pause, and a pinch of snuff, filled up the interval of repeating the surname; and if he did attempt the name, he was sure to miscall it. When he was first acquainted with Foote, the latter observed this singularity, and would never answer to the name of "Mr." Rich felt this, and said, "Oh, Mr. Footty, I beg your

your pardon."—"My name's Foote, sir," says the wit, gravely. "Well, well, Mr. Footty, it may be so; but you'll excuse me, for really I am so absent a man, that I frequently forget my own name."—"That's extraordinary, indeed," says Foote; "for though I know it is impossible for some men to write or spell their own name, I thought every blackguard knew how to sound it."

A country performer, by dint of servile application, prevailed upon Rich to let him make his appearance at Covent-garden in the character of Hamlet. The man shewed himself totally disqualified for the part at his first entrance; but when he came to the celebrated soliloquy, he unfortunately wanted to blow his nose, but being unprovided with a handker-

handkerchief, he had recourse to his usual habit of the fingers, which set the audience in a roar of laughter, so that it was with great difficulty the rest of the play could be dragged through. Rich, who stood upon tenter-hooks at the side of the scene, said nothing till the play was over; when, going up to the performer, he exclaimed, "Mr. ——, I believe you to be a very good kind of man; but as to acting, G—d—me, Mr. ——, you must go and blow your nose at some other theatre."

At the close of that season in which Shuter became so celebrated in the character of Master Stephen, in the comedy of Every Man in his Humour, he was engaged to perform a few nights in a principal city in the north of England. It

It happened, that the stage he went down in (and in which there was only an old gentleman and himself) was stopped on the other side of Finchley-common, by a highwayman, who having put the usual compliments to the old gentleman, and received his contribution, turned towards Shuter, who sat on the other side of the coach asleep, or at least pretending to be so: saluting him with a smart slap on the face, and presenting his pistol, he commanded him to deliver his money instantly, or he was a dead man. "Money!" returns the droll, with a shrug, yawn, and countenance inexpressibly vacant; "O lud, sir, they never trusts me with any; for nuncle here always pays for me, turnpikes and all, your honour." The highwayman gave him a few curses for his stupidity, and

rode

rode off, while the old gentleman grumbled; and Shuter, with infinite satisfaction and mirth, pursued the rest of his journey.

A female writer visiting Mrs. Macaulay, apologized for the ill success of a comedy she had produced, by saying, that she wrote it only to dissipate melancholy in some irksome hours. "I presume then, madam," said Mrs. Macaulay, "that you write *tragedy* when you are in *high spirits*."

Soon after the accession of George I., an ignorant justice of the peace, living in Clerkenwell, who had always supposed that *anno Domini* was Latin for *queen Anne*, hearing his clerk read a mittimus, when he came to the *anno Domini*,

Domini, cried out with some warmth, "And pray, sir, why not *Georgio Domini*? Sure you forget yourself strangely."

Doctor Johnson sitting in a coffee-room, and a dog being very troublesome, he told the waiter to kick him out; but in the hurry of business he forgot it. The dog continuing to pester him, the doctor said, if the waiter did not turn the dog out, he would kick him out. "Sir," said a young coxcomb, "I perceive you are not fond of dogs." —"No," replied he, "nor puppies neither."

A quaker, driving in a single-horse chaise up a green lane, that leads from Newington-green to Hornsey, happened to

to meet with a young blood, who was also in a single-horse chaise. There was not room enough for them to pass each other, unless one would back his carriage, which they both refused. "I'll not make way for you," says the blood, "d—n my eyes if I will."—"I think I am older than thou art," said the quaker, "and therefore I have a right to expect thee to make way for me."—"I won't, d—n me," resumed the first. He then pulled out a newspaper, and began to read as he sat still in his chaise: the quaker observing him, took a pipe and some tobacco from his pocket, and with a conveniency which he carried about him, struck a light, illuminated his pipe, and sat and funked away very comfortably. "Friend," said he to the young blood, "*when thou hast read the paper through,*

through, I should be glad if thou wouldst lend it me." The young blade, seeing the obstinacy of the quaker was not to be overcome, prudently made way for him, but not till after he had favoured him with a few oaths and imprecations.

A clergyman in the west of England being supposed to be at the point of death, a neighbouring brother, who had some interest with the patron, applied to him for the next presentation; upon which the former, who soon after recovered, upbraided him with the breach of friendship, and said, he wanted his death. "No no, doctor," says the other, "you quite mistake—*I wanted your living.*"

A fellow of a college seeing another in a tat-

a tattered garb, said, "Tom, your gown's *grown* too *short* for you."—"Ah!" replied Tom, "that's true; but it will be *long enough* before I shall get another." This repartee so diverted the fellow, that he continued laughing till he met with a brother of the same college, who asked him what he laughed at? "Why," says he, "at an excellent joke. I just now told Tom Brown, his gown was grown too short for him; and he said, it would be a long time before he should have another."—"Well, and pray where is the joke in that?"—"I don't know," replied he; "but I am sure it was a good joke when I heard it."

An Irishman in France drinking with some company, who proposed the toast, "The land we live in;"—"Aye, with all

a'l my soul, my dear," said he, "here's poor old Ireland."

In a church, not far from a famous sea-port, was a parson and clerk who were really originals in their way. The parson, who was a Welshman, spoke so thick, there was no understanding him; and the clerk, having broke his voice in singing psalms, repeated the responses in such a querulous plaintive tone, that he seemed to be always crying. A sailor, who stumbled in there one Sunday evening, was very much astonished at their proceedings; for though the parishioners might be acquainted with their dialect, Jack was not: however, he waited with patience till the service was over, and on going out was met by a messmate, who asked him where he had been? "At church."

church."—"And what did you see there?"—"Why the clerk was crying," replied he, "because he did not understand a word that the parson said to him."

When the brave admiral Kempenfeldt, who was unhappily lost in the Royal George, was coming into port to have his ship paid off, a sailor eyed a gold-laced velvet waistcoat which his commander wore, and in his best sea fashion begged to know who made it? The admiral, perceiving his drift, gave him the necessary information, and Jack went ashore. He forthwith applied to the admiral's tailor, who, knowing the humours of his customers, went with him to buy the materials, and at last asked, what he would have the back made of?

"Made

"Made of?" said Jack, "the same as the front, to be sure." The tailor remonstrated, but in vain; so the waistcoat was made, and put on with an old greasy jacket over it. One day, in the High-street, the admiral met his man in this curious dress, which occasioned him to laugh heartily; and this merry fit was not a little increased, when Jack coming up to him, lifted up the hind part of his jacket, and shewed his gold-laced back, exclaiming, "D—n me, old boy, no false colours—stem and stern alike!"

A certain judge, who was a man of delicacy, being on the northern circuit, ordered the trial for a rape to come on at seven o'clock next morning, at which hour he presumed no ladies would attend. He was mistaken, for the gallery was

full an hour before. The matter was this: a gentleman, finding a country girl stealing faggots from a stack near his house, demanded certain favours from the culprit, which she readily granted; but afterwards, for the purpose of extorting money, swore a rape against him. When he was acquitted, the judge told him he had a piece of advice to give him, which was, that when females stole his faggots in future, to be content with some other satisfaction; "otherwise," said he, "the ladies in the gallery here will not leave you a single stick."

Counsellor Bearcroft being examining a gentleman of the name of Vansittart, said to him, "Sir, your name is such a long one, that I shall take the liberty of dropping

dropping the latter part, and calling you Mr. *Van*."—"With all my heart," replied the other; "and by the same rule I shall, in my answers, drop the word *croft*, and call you Mr. *Bear*."

The earl of Rochester having supped at a friend's house in the city, and stayed late, called a hackney-coach at Temple-bar, and bid the man drive to Berkeley-square. The coachman, vexed at so long a fare so late at night, grumbled very much; and as he was mounting the box, swore that he should be glad to drive him to hell. When they arrived at the house, Rochester called the fellow into the parlour, and told him of the wicked expression he had heard from his mouth, and asked him what he meant by it? The fellow replied, he was rather pro-

voked at being obliged to go so far at that time of night, and craved his pardon. "But," says Rochester, "do you consider, you silly rascal, that if it were possible for you to drive me into hell, you must go in first yourself?"—"No, no, master," answered the coachman, "I could have provided against that well enough."—"How can that be?" says the peer. When the coachman replied, "Why *I should have backed your honour in.*"

A gentleman who had long danced attendance at the duke of Newcastle's levee, being one morning cooling his heels in the anti-chambers, along with a number of other unfortunate solicitors, one of the company was praising the elegant stuccoing of the ceiling. "Yes, yes,"

yes," says the gentleman, "it is really very elegant; and what is more, it is of a piece with the flooring."—"How can that be, sir?" says the other. "Why do not *you* see, sir, *as well as I*, that both the *top* and *bottom* of the room is *full of fret-work?*"

"I can't conceive," said one English nobleman to another, "how it is that you manage. I am convinced that you are not of a temper to spend more than your income; and yet, though your estate is less than mine, I could not afford to live at the rate that you do."—"My lord," said the other, "I have a place."—"A place! you amaze me. I never heard of it till now. Pray what place?"—"*I am my own steward.*"

A country gentleman of no great breeding, happened to have a little greyhound bitch with him one day, when he paid a visit to a lady to whom he made his addresses. "Dear me!" cried the lady, "what a pretty dog this is!"—"Madam," said he, "'tis not a dog—'tis one of your own sex."

A woman quarrelling with her husband, told him she believed, if she were to die, he would marry the devil's eldest daughter. "How can that be?" said the husband. "You know the law does not allow a man to marry two sisters."

A country fellow, going along London streets, slipped down upon his seat. "You see," said a tradesman, standing at his door, "that our London stones

are

are too proud to bear such a bumkin as you."—"Are they?" said the fellow. "As proud as they are, I have made them kiss my backside."

A footman was asked, if his master was a regular man in his living? "Very regular," said he; "for he gets drunk every day exactly at the same hour."

Nash was one night making a collection for the Bath hospital, when a duchess entered who was not remarkable for her generosity; and not being able to get by him unobserved, gave him a pat with her fan, saying, "You must put down a trifle for me, Nash, for I have no money in my pocket."—"Yes, madam," said he, "that I will with pleasure." Then taking a handful of

guineas out of his pocket, he began to tell them into his hat, "One, two, three, four, five"—"Hold, hold!" says her grace, "consider what you are about." —"Consider your rank and fortune, madam," said Nash; and went on telling, "Six, seven, eight, nine, ten." Here her grace called out again with an angry tone. "I beg, madam, you would compose yourself," said Nash, "and not interrupt the work of charity.—Eleven, twelve, thirteen, fourteen, fifteen, sixteen." The duchess now began to rave, and laid hold of his arm. "Indeed, madam," said he, "you shall have your name written in letters of gold upon the front of the building." Then he went on, "Seventeen, eighteen, nineteen, twenty."—"I won't pay a farthing more," said the duchess. "Charity covers a multi-

multitude of sins," said Nash: "Twenty-one, twenty-two, twenty-three, twenty-four, twenty-five."—"Nash," said she, "I protest you frighten me out of my wits! Lord, I shall faint! I shall die!"—"Madam, you will never die with doing good; and if you do, it will be better for you," answered Nash, and was going on; but finding her grace really ready to faint, he entered into a composition with her for thirty guineas. But this was very far from satisfying the duchess, who was quite chagrined the greatest part of the evening; and when he came to the quadrille-table where she was playing, she bid him stand farther, for she hated the sight of him. Soon after, her grace had a run of good luck; which so pleased her, that she called to him, saying, "Come, you impudent

devil, I will be friends with you, if you promise never to plague me again in such a manner; and now, to shew you I don't bear malice, there are ten guineas more towards the subscription." Presently fortune turned against her, and being broke, she was obliged to borrow twenty pieces of Nash, when she could not help expressing her anguish at having parted with her money, by saying, "This comes of charity; but I'll stick to the old proverb for the future, for sure enough it should begin at home."

A gentleman went one wet cold night into an inn in Oxfordshire; and as firing is very dear there, a great many people were in the kitchen, and the fire so surrounded, he could not get to warm him. Upon seeing this, he called for the ostler, and

and bid him fetch half a peck of oysters, and carry them to his horse. "Oysters for your horse!" says the fellow, grinning, "what, shells and all?"—"Aye, aye," replied the gentleman, "carry them to him unopened." The fellow fetched the oysters immediately, brought them to the gentleman in the kitchen, and asked whether they were really to be carried to his horse? "For," says he, "I never saw a horse eat oysters in my life."—"No matter for that," replied the gentleman, "carry them to him." Away he went with the oysters to the horse, attended by all the people in the kitchen. In the mean time, the gentleman got a rare warm place in the chimney-corner, which was what he wanted. He had not been there long ere the ostler, attended by the persons who had left the kitchen,

came to acquaint him with a piece of intelligence he knew before. "Why, sir," says he, "I have put the oysters into the manger, and the devil of one of them will your horse touch."—"Like enough," replied the gentleman. "Why, then, as he is not in the humour to eat them now, do you bring the oysters to me, and give my horse half a peck of corn instead of them."

It is related of Mr. Addison, who had some impediment in his speech, that at the time of debating the union act in the house of commons, he rose up, and addressing himself to the speaker, said, "Mr. Speaker, I conceive—" Here he could go no farther; then rising again, he said, "Mr. Speaker, I conceive—" Still unable to proceed, he sat down again.

again. A third time he arose, and was still unable to say any more than, "Mr. Speaker, I conceive—" when a certain young member, who was possessed of more effrontery and volubility than Mr. Secretary, arose, and said, "Mr. Speaker, I am very sorry to find, that the honourable gentleman over the way has *conceived* three times, and *brought forth nothing*."

Three young sparks going into a tavern, saw an elderly gentleman sitting by himself. One of them went up to him and said, "Father Abraham, I am glad to see you." The second entered the room, and said, "Father Isaac, I hope you are well." The third followed them, and said, "Father Jacob, shall we drink a glass with you?" The old gentle-

gentleman looked at them a short time with an air of contempt, and then replied, "I am neither Abraham, Isaac, nor Jacob; but Saul, the son of Cis, who was sent to seek his father's asses—*and having found them, left them.*" So went out of the room, and shut them in it.

A boy, who had not returned to school as exactly after the holidays as he had been enjoined to do, came at last with a large ham, intended as a bribe to the master, who gladly took it with many encomiums, but ordered the boy to be flogged; at the same time saying, "He might give his compliments to his mother for the *ham*, but assured him it should not save his *bacon*."

A judge,

A judge, who was so very severe as to obtain the appellation of the hanging judge, took a young coach-horse upon trial; but the first time the animal was put into the carriage, he dropped down dead. "It is a very strange accident," said the judge. "Not at all, my lord," replied the coachman; "I thought how it would be, when you told me that you had taken him upon trial."

A counsellor being engaged in a cause against a young officer, who was prosecuted for an assault, opened the cause as follows: "My lord, I am first to acquaint your lordship, that this soldier—" —"Stop, sir," said the military hero, "I would have you to know, that I am an officer."—"I beg your pardon," says the counsellor. "Why then, my lord,

to

to speak more correctly, this officer, who is no soldier."

A Welshman being at an assizes, and seeing the prisoners hold up their hands at the bar, related to some of his acquaintance, that the judges were great fortune-tellers; for they certainly could tell, by looking at men's hands, whether they would live or die.

A gentleman who had been a great traveller, happening in company to surprise them with some very marvellous relations, one who had just come from the East Indies, began to give an account of the method of catching tygers there, which he said was as follows: "A man carries a board, on which a human figure is painted: as soon as he arrives at

at the den, he knocks behind the board with a hammer; the noise of which suddenly rouses the animal, who flies in a direct line at the board, and grasps it. The man behind then clenches the claws into the wood, and thus secures the beast."

A gentleman entered a box at the play-house booted and spurred; on which the duke of Chandos, who sat there, but in a very plain dress, bowed to and thanked him in so very respectful a manner, that the other enquired his reason? "Why," said his grace, "I thank you, sir, for the favour of not having brought your horse with you into the box."

A merchant in the city, not long ago, discharged

discharged a porter, on account of his being deficient in orthography. The poor man, it seems, wanted a favour of his master, and wrote a letter to him; but instead of "Honoured sir," he unfortunately wrote, "Horned sir."

Doctor Pitcairn, of Edinburgh, seeing a poor fellow killed, by the fall of a chimney which he had just been building, said profanely, "Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord; for they rest from their labours, and their works do follow them."

A noble lord, not over courageous, was once so far engaged in an affair of honour, as to be drawn to Hyde-park to fight a duel. But just as he came to the porter's lodge, an empty hearse came

came by; on which his lordship's antagonist, who was a droll officer, well known, called out to the driver, "Stop here, fellow, a moment, and I'll send you a fare." This declaration operated so strongly upon his lordship's nerves, that he begged the officer's pardon, and returned home in a whole skin.

At Baldock, in Hertfordshire, there is, going into the town, a very capital mansion-house, and near it a snug box; the former of which, a few years ago, belonged to one Mr. *Vulture*, a counsellor at law; and the latter to Mr. *Sparrowhawk*, an attorney.

Some time ago, a gentleman was explaining to some others, in a tavern at Coventry, the method of sweating money;

ney; and turning to Mr. T., said in jest, "As the business is so profitable, Mr. T., suppose you lend me some money to sweat?"—"By the living G—d, sir," returns Mr. T., "I should sweat, if I did lend you any."

The late king of Portugal asked lord Tyrawley, our envoy at Lisbon, how it happened that, in the battle of Almanza, the Portuguese cavalry rode off the field, when the infantry stood their ground? His lordship gravely replied, "May it please your majesty, the foot had not horses to ride off upon."

At Gibraltar, during the siege, there was a great want of water, and a general complaint was the consequence. An Irish officer, however, very calmly said, "He

was

was quite easy about the matter, for he had nothing to do with water: if he only got his tea in the morning, and his punch in the afternoon, it was all that he wanted."

The same officer lost a parcel of silk stockings, and sent about a bellman to offer a reward for them; but this was so small, that a friend observed, he could not expect to recover them. "Ah! by J—," says he, "but I was after advertising them as worsted ones."

A baronet's son, who was a very weak young man, telling his father, one day, that he had a mind to go abroad, and see the world, his father replied, "Ah, Jack, I fear if you do go abroad, instead of your seeing the world, the world will see you."

One

One telling another, that an insolvent friend of theirs had drowned himself: "Ah, poor fellow," said he, "you know he has not been able for some time to keep his head above water."

Sterne being once in company with Garrick, happened to be inveighing strongly against some writers, whose works abounded with indelicate allusions; and amongst other observations he said, that such authors, as a terror to others, ought to be hung up before their own houses: to which Garrick replied, "It's well for you that you live in lodgings."

Doctors Cheyne and Tadlow were exceedingly corpulent men, but the last was by much the largest. Cheyne coming

ing into the coffee-house one morning, and observing Tadlow alone and pensive, asked him what occasioned his melancholy? "Cheyne," says he, "I have a very serious thought come athwart me: I am considering how the people will be able to get you and I to the grave, when we die."—"Why," says Cheyne, "six or eight stout fellows may take me there at once; but it is certain that you must be carried at twice."

Doctor Cheyne once, when Nash was ill, drew up a prescription for him, which was sent in accordingly. The next day the doctor coming to see his patient, found him up and well; on which he asked, if he had followed his prescription? "Followed your prescription!" cried Nash, "no, egad, if I had, I should

I should have broke my neck; for I flung it out of the two-pair-of-stairs window."

A tailor, having mended a pair of breeches for one of his customers, was carrying them home, when he saw a funeral pass by, attended in the procession by an apothecary whom he knew. "So, master," says he to the apothecary, "I see you are carrying your work home as well as I."

Lord Sandwich, after the first day's review at Portsmouth, having asked a clergyman, whether such a profusion of fire and smoke did not give him an idea of hell? the ecclesiastic replied, "Yes, when I observed your lordship in the midst of it."

THE END.

London: Printed by E. M'Millan, Bow Street, Covent Garden.